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AND ATHENÆUM

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Notes exchanged recently between Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, and Lord Lloyd, the British High Commissioner, were published last week after we had gone to press. Neither document corresponds so closely as usual to the summaries published in quarters which are normally well-informed. It is difficult indeed to understand, now that the text of the Note is available, why the British Cabinet was so perturbed by the Egyptian Government's communication and why alarmist reports of its contents were circulated in the Press. The Note is certainly not provocative in tone. In substance, it protests against "a perpetual interference with the in-

ternal conduct of Egyptian affairs, paralyzing the exercise by Parliament of its right to legislate and to control administration, and rendering impossible the existence of a Government worthy of the name"; and adds that "for these reasons, the Egyptian Government cannot admit the principle of an intervention which would be tantamount to its veritable abdication." Now it is open to anyone who wishes to do so to read into this rather plaintive statement a repudiation of the Declaration of 1922, but it certainly is not true, as we were led to believe last week, that the Note demands the withdrawal of British troops and the recognition of Egyptian claims in the Sudan.

* * *

Nor is the British reply, whatever the hot-heads in the Cabinet may have advocated, a particularly terrifying document. Lord Lloyd recapitulates the four reserved points in the Declaration of 1922 and then observes that, the Egyptian Government having rejected the treaty negotiated with the late Prime Minister, the *status quo ante* continues, and "the reserved points remain reserved to the absolute discretion of his Majesty's Government, the Egyptian Government exercising its independent authority subject to satisfying his Majesty's Government on these matters." After the alarms of last week, this reply was received with obvious relief in Cairo, and Nahas Pasha made a statement in the Egyptian Parliament to the effect that his Government holds to its point of view and "regards only the means for strengthening friendly relations with Great Britain." The whole incident has little significance, except in so far as it indicates a growing tendency to magnify the differences which arise between British and Egyptians, and to distort the real issues underlying the Egyptian problem.

* * *

The Courts-Martial at Gibraltar condemned and sentenced Captain Dewar and Commander Daniel for improperly expressing their complaints. The Rear Admiral's conduct which had caused the complaints to be made was excluded from the cognisance of both courts; evidence with regard to it being admitted solely out of consideration to the accused. Seeing that the Rear Admiral's behaviour (we give it a courtesy title) was the origin of all the trouble, it was strange that the apparatus of naval justice should be put in motion to settle a pure matter of form. The findings and sentences seem moreover to be as pedantic as the charges. Commander Daniel was certainly a poor letter-writer. His language was over-dignified, and he made remarks about the Rear Admiral in the letter he wrote to Captain Dewar. This alone makes him indictable under Article 11, for no junior may make remarks about his senior in any circumstances. Even a letter describing Admiral Collard in a ball-room must be a bare relation of facts. But to decide that Commander Daniel's rather

inflated, old-fashioned language was subversive of discipline was the merest nonsense.

* * *

Ordinary people were amused at the immense ceremonial with which the squabble between the three officers was investigated, and with the truly ludicrous finish to it, when Captain Dewar went to call upon Rear Admiral Collard, and the Press reported their reconciliation. The ridiculous side of the matter certainly stands out better than the serious one; but there is a serious side to it none the less. Admiral Collard's offences against good manners could easily be dealt with in civil life; but in the Navy they must have been very subversive of discipline, because insults hurled at juniors from the vantage ground of senior rank, create a bitter feeling among men of any spirit. It does not matter that the insults themselves are trivial and contemptible: it is the knowledge that they cannot be answered which counts. The Admiralty, who have promised a statement upon the matter, would be well advised to revise the sentences, and to re-employ Captain Dewar and Commander Daniel. The public are at present inclined to laugh; their mood will change if they learn that the Navy is to be deprived of the services of two fine officers because one of them wrote a pompous letter about a very real grievance. There is, indeed, a widespread feeling that the Commander-in-Chief and the First Lord ought to be court-martialled for bringing the Navy into contempt by allowing the affair to be treated in so portentous a fashion.

* * *

"The Rule in Chicago of Big Bill Thompson, the schoolbook-burning foe of King George, is ended. . . . Small has been repudiated. Frank Smith will never again bring disgrace to Illinois, standing at the door of the Senate begging for a seat he would dishonour. Illinois has been purged of her shame. Chicago can again walk proudly among the cities. . . ." So writes the CHICAGO TRIBUNE in a psalm of victory, which is slightly reminiscent in its style of Mr. Pott the immortal editor of the EATANSWILL GAZETTE. By all means let us rejoice with Chicago, which seems to have taken a step in the right direction. For the sake of accuracy, however, it may be useful to record that the triumph has been won only in the primary elections to select party candidates for State and Federal offices, for which the final elections will be held in November. The Thompson faction has been defeated by another faction in the Republican Party, of which the New York Correspondent of the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN observes, rather gloomily, that it "has a record as long and, generally speaking, about as bad as that of the cohorts of Thompson." The election seems to have passed off quietly. Only one man was murdered and one other seriously wounded. A few hundreds were beaten or kidnapped, but there seems to have been no real disorder. Surely this indicates a dangerous apathy on the part of the electors?

* * *

In a letter published by the TIMES on Wednesday the Chairman of the Anglo-American Oil Company defended Ethyl Petrol against the attacks of Lord Buckmaster and others. The "learned gentlemen" who have condemned the spirit, he said, "simply confused the manufacture of tetraethyl lead with commercial ethyl spirit"; but this explanation will not do, as anyone who has read the letters of Sir William Pope and Professor Baker will know. It is interesting, however, to learn from this authority that the sale of Ethyl is forbidden in the City of New York, though "thousands of cars using it daily pass through the Holland tunnel to and from Jersey City without condi-

tions or hindrance." It is true, as Lord Montagu said, that it is not sold in France, but this is "simply because the selling organization has not been perfected yet." The prohibition of Ethyl in Switzerland and Jersey is not referred to in the Chairman's letter, but we are told that last year over 500 million gallons were sold in America. "Ethyl has come to fill a real need of the motor industry, and its use in Great Britain may be expected to increase as it has in the United States and Canada, where its results are well known." It is clearly a formidable fuel, and it is eminently desirable that we should have an authoritative statement as to its effect on health without avoidable delay.

* * *

At the conference on Tuesday of the National Union of Teachers strong opposition was expressed to a reduction in the salary scales of teachers as embodied in the national Burnham Agreements. Events at Abertillery, where the "Big Three" appointed with the consent of the Ministry of Health to deal with local expenditure have requested teachers to accept a reduction of 10 per cent. in their salaries, and indications that other authorities are endeavouring to evade the Burnham award caused alarm at the conference. A resolution was passed expressing grave concern at the proposed reduction in the scales, which would destroy the integrity of the Burnham award. The serious attitude adopted by the Union towards local reductions in salaries was shown by the statement that the Union would not hesitate to dislocate education services in a locality rather than permit the infringement of the national agreement.

* * *

The long freedom of the garment industry from industrial strife threatens to be broken by the announcement of the Tailors' and Garment Workers' Union that its members have decided to give notice of the termination of the national agreements between the Union and the employers' federations. Notices of termination of agreement, which expire on June 20th, have been served on the Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers' Federation, the Wholesale Mantle and Costume Employers' Federation, and the Shirt and Collar Manufacturers' Association. The agreements, which have regulated the wages and working conditions of about 200,000 workpeople during the past eight years, have, it is stated, caused widespread and growing discontent among the workers, owing to defects which are considered to have adversely affected the workers and prejudiced the position of the trade union.

* * *

The Communist organizations in Japan may be influential, growing concerns, or they may be feeble, clamorous societies; they have at least succeeded in giving the Government authorities a terrible scare. For the last few days the Japanese police have been rounding-up and arresting suspected Communists—thousands are now in prison—and the Government has ordered the complete suppression of such associations as the League of Proletarian Youth. These rigours were at first excused by a rumour that the police had discovered a plot to assassinate the Emperor; this has not been confirmed from any authoritative quarter, up to the present, and we now have the familiar story of plans for distributing leaflets during strikes, and for fomenting social unrest. Needless to add, all this activity is supposed to have been paid for from that inexhaustible store of money which has been so prudently laid aside in Soviet Russia. Up to the present no connection between official, Soviet Russia and these Japanese organizations has been proved. Indeed, communication between the Japanese Communists and the Third Inter-

national seems to have been maintained through Shanghai—an extraordinary meeting point when Vladivostok is so much closer. It has still to be seen whether the Japanese Government will allow these incidents to affect their negotiations for a Manchurian agreement with the Soviet Government. Unless they can prove that there has been a serious plot against the State, and that the Soviet officials have assisted, they will be very foolish to allow this scare to affect their diplomacy.

* * *

The Chinese campaigning season has now begun, and the present indications are that the converging movement upon Peking, by Feng, the Nationalists, and the tuchun of Shansi, is in danger of being defeated in detail. Feng, at all events, has suffered some kind of reverse, and so, it would appear, has the tuchun of Shansi; the Nationalists who were to have given driving force to the movement have done nothing, and seem unable to leave the Pukow railway. Men do not change their Chinese character by belonging to the Nationalist Party, and Kuomintang politics are now being dominated by that intense personal rivalry which has been the starting point of Chinese civil war and civil discord. The post of Foreign Minister to the Kuomintang seems particularly liable to change hands suddenly; presumably the Kuomintang War Office is equally unsteady, and the result of these dissensions is that the Nationalist armies remain at Pukow whilst their allies further north suffer reverse after reverse.

* * *

The sudden death of Mr. E. Raymond Thompson, the editor since 1923 of the *EVENING STANDARD*, removes an able journalist, who was perhaps better known to the general reading public than to the world of Fleet Street. Mr. Thompson had the reputation of being a highly efficient editor, but he was not one of the familiar personalities of journalism. He was a quiet, bookish man, bred in the old school of daily newspaper leader writing, and not at all a typical evening paper journalist. As the author, under the name "E. T. Raymond," of a series of pungent and brightly written studies of eminent politicians, Mr. Thompson was highly successful. Although these sketches always had a flavour of intimacy, Thompson, as a matter of fact, did not mix very much in social or political life. As a colleague in writing of him remarked, "he preferred to keep his judgment undisturbed by personal contacts." In building up his clever, if rather superficial, portraits he worked from reading, and from the intimate information that comes into every newspaper office. He had the quick journalistic instinct for seizing on the characteristic trait or word, and dashing off impressionistic sketches, often brilliant, only slightly coloured by prejudice, and always readable. His most serious work was his book on Disraeli.

* * *

A large circle of readers will regret the death of Stanley Weyman. That romantic narrator's passing seems to indicate the end of a pleasant and generous chapter in English fiction, the disappearance of a set of healthy novelists who between them all entertained and respected and refreshed the taste of the public. They will presently, with luck, find a historian, who will not be unrewarded for his inquiry into the fame not only of Weyman with his fictions in something like Dumas's field, but of Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins in Restoration manners and Ruritanian escapes and entanglements, of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the "Rodney Stone," "Brigadier Gerard," or "White

Company" mood, of "Q" with his cavaliers, sea captains, and monarchs. These and other elegant writers and ingenious literary strategists certainly gave us a library of historical fiction on which the air blows free and fine with the sound of the trumpets of old fortune and chivalry. Oxford played a conspicuous part in the shaping of this school of worthies. Weyman was reading history at Christ Church a few years before "Anthony Hope" arrived at Balliol, a classical scholar; "Q" was of the same period and university. It is not our business to explore these beginnings to their deeper references, but to hope someone will be found to honour this most cordial and clear-minded school of novelists, whose exemplar has now laid down his pen for ever, with a critical memorial.

* * *

The sale at which Dr. Rosenbach, the New York and Philadelphia dealer, paid £5,000 for an inscribed first edition of "Alice in Wonderland" and, within five minutes, paid another £15,400 for the original manuscript of the same book, was one of the most exciting of recent auctions. Though bidders at Sotheby's do their work by "becks and nods," and scarcely at all by word of mouth, there was a flamboyancy about the amounts so quietly nodded away that was, to the onlooker, thrilling. One could only gape in amazement that so comparatively recent a manuscript should fetch so vast a sum. But it would be a pity if the nation were to enter into the spirit of the auction and, whether by public subscription or otherwise, buy the manuscript from its recent purchaser, who has offered to sell it to us at cost price and to make a contribution himself to the purchase fund. It is impossible accurately to assess the money value of books and manuscripts, which are often certainly very precious things; but it is hard to resist the conviction that £15,400 is an unreasonable price for a single modern manuscript, and that, if such a sum is available, it might be much more advantageously spent, even on the purchase of literary rarities. At the same time, it should be acknowledged that Dr. Rosenbach has behaved most generously to us, since it is certain that he can sell "Alice" at a large profit in America. To sneer at the offer, as some have done, is only bad manners.

* * *

The opening of a new house at the Zoo is regarded, in these days, as a minor national event. But it must be admitted that the latest happening of this kind is something of a disappointment, for, in converting the old Reptile House into a new Small Bird House the authorities of the Zoological Society have, for once in a way, failed to show any of the imagination which has distinguished most of their recent improvements. In so far as the birds are, in their new house, given larger cages, better lighting, and artificial sunlight, they are certainly better off than formerly; but essentially the new house is in an old—and bad—tradition, and its cages are rather planned to exhibit specimens than to be places in which the birds may live, under the restraint and observation of man indeed, but with some approximation to natural conditions. There is in the new bird house no such illusion, merely a collection of birds in fairly commodious cages. It is almost impossible, for example, to suppose that any nests will be made, eggs laid, and young reared in this house. Yet there are moments when one feels that the most valuable function of the Zoo is the breeding of foreign beasts and birds, and that no animal which can reproduce its species in captivity should be kept under conditions in which it will not do so.

THE BRIAND-KELLOGG PROPOSALS

FOR many months a correspondence has been carried on between M. Briand, the Foreign Minister of France, and Mr. Kellogg, the American Secretary of State, with regard to a proposal for "the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy." This discussion has at last reached the stage at which the two countries hitherto concerned have agreed to lay their proposals before the Governments of Germany, Britain, Italy, and Japan for consideration. It thus becomes essential that public opinion in this country should be informed as to the nature of the project.

In the first place, it is important to avoid any confusion between the Briand-Kellogg proposals and the rather crude suggestions for "the outlawry of war" which have emanated from certain private persons in America and have been severely criticized in these pages by Mr. Leonard Stein and by Mr. Roth Williams and other correspondents. It is unfortunate that the expression "Outlawry of War" should have been used indiscriminately for both projects, since they are very different in origin and practicability.

The proposal now made by France and America jointly is for a "multilateral pact" renouncing war "as an instrument of national policy." The phrase is significant. Europe has grown so accustomed to the denunciation of war by the spokesmen of the League of Nations that we are apt to forget how recently it was regarded as a legitimate instrument of national policy. Yet Phillimore, for instance, in his "Commentaries upon International Law," describes war as

"the exercise of the international right of action, to which, from the nature of the thing and the absence of any common superior tribunal, nations are compelled to have recourse, in order to assert and vindicate their rights."

We have moved some distance from that conception of war, and the Members of the League, at any rate, cannot plead "the absence of any common superior tribunal," but we can feel very little security as yet that no nation will ever again attempt to assert and vindicate its claims by force, and an explicit undertaking by all the nations not to do so might have considerable psychological value.

This simple renunciation presents difficulties, however, which M. Briand has not been at all inclined to minimize. His last Note to the United States contained four substantial reservations, which may be summarized as follows:—

(1) In the event of one of the signatories to the Pact failing to keep faith, all the others should automatically be released from their obligations towards the Pact-breaker.

(2) The renunciation of war should not exclude the right of self-defence.

(3) The obligations of the Pact must not be held to detract from anterior obligations, such as those of the Covenant, the Locarno Agreements, or security and arbitration treaties.

(4) The Pact should not come into force until it has received universal acceptance, or at least the accept-

ance of all States which might, by their situation, come into conflict with any of the signatories.

France has made it clear that her adherence to the proposed Pact will be subject to the fulfilment of these conditions, but it must not be assumed that America has agreed. The attitude of Mr. Kellogg seems to be that he deprecates any restriction or elaboration of the original formula, but is willing that the whole Franco-American correspondence shall be submitted to the other Powers for their consideration. It is therefore worth while to see how far the simple renunciation of war "as an instrument of national policy" is modified by M. Briand's four points.

The first point seems obvious—almost too obvious to mention. The withdrawal from a Pact-breaker of any protection afforded by the Pact is surely the mildest of "sanctions."

In a universal Pact the second point appears at first sight to be a repetition of the first. There would be no occasion for self-defence unless some other Power made war in violation of the Pact. But here we at once become involved in the tangle of definitions by which the League of Nations has been enmeshed in all its efforts to make war impossible. What is self-defence? What is aggression? How, indeed, shall we define war itself? Perhaps it was M. Briand's intention to show Mr. Kellogg, by confronting him with these complexities, that he was over-simplifying the problem. Some clear understanding of what is meant by war will certainly be necessary if war is to be renounced. The bombardment of the Greek island of Corfu by Italy in 1923, for instance, was not war, in the opinion of the highest authorities on international law, but it would probably have become war if Greece had chosen to resist the Italian attack.* It is important, therefore, that the proposed Pact should be so drafted as to leave no doubt as to which party, in such circumstances, is to be regarded as the Pact-breaker.

The problem of definition would be partially solved, however, if America could go so far as to take account, in the Pact, of the existence of the League of Nations. This brings us to M. Briand's third point, that the Pact must not cut across anterior obligations. So far as the Covenant and Locarno are concerned, this proviso should present no difficulty, for those instruments are designed to attain the very object that Mr. Kellogg has in view—the elimination of war. The American Secretary of State has, indeed, committed himself to the statement that the United States wishes to "co-operate with the League of Nations in the establishment of Peace"—a phrase which suggests infinite possibilities for the future. For the present, we should be well content if America would recognize the vital distinction between a State which seeks to impose its own will upon another by force and one which fulfils its obligation to uphold the common law of nations. Not only in connection with the proposed Pact, but also in the definition of Sea Law, a recognition of this distinction would enormously facilitate agreement. Is it altogether out of the question for America to accept the validity of League decisions as between one State-Member and another, though she is not herself a party to them?

Whatever America's answer to such questions may be, it is unlikely that the "anterior obligations" of the Covenant or Locarno will seriously interfere with

* There is an admirable discussion of "The Legal Meaning of War" in a paper read to the Grotius Society by Dr. A. D. McNair in 1925. (Sweet & Maxwell.)

the conclusion of the Pact. The various alliances of France present a much more formidable obstacle, and it is reasonable to suppose that these were rankling in M. Briand's mind when he penned his third reservation. They may also have played some part in dictating the fourth condition, which insists that the Pact shall not come into force until it has been accepted by practically the whole world. It is difficult, at any rate, to find any direct reason for this insistence upon universality. The proposed declaration is not one which depends upon the conduct of other States, as, for instance, a reduction of armaments may reasonably be held to do.

What, then, should Britain reply to the Briand-Kellogg proposals? We should like her to reply that she has already renounced war as an instrument of national policy, though she still thinks it necessary to provide against a possible attempt by other States to impose their will by force of arms; that she is willing to make a solemn declaration to that effect at once without waiting to see whether the Pact is generally accepted; and that she is anxious to co-operate wholeheartedly in any attempt to make the idea of the Pact into a living reality.

It will be interesting to see how Italy replies.

MUDDLING THE FOUNDLING

INFORMATION about London problems is usually circulated by means of small paragraphs in the daily newspapers. The process is not satisfactory. When full information is not available about a topic, public opinion must remain confused and unformulated; at times of crisis there must be muddled and contradictory action; and situations must arise in which those who have taken pains for their self-interest are advantageously placed as compared with others, called in at the eleventh hour and handicapped by lack of familiarity with the problems with which they have to deal. Recurrences of hole-and-corner situations of this kind argue gross shortcomings in the method and machinery of London Government; and sometimes it is difficult to refrain from making what might be regarded as more serious allegations.

One of these serious situations has now arisen in regard to the Foundling Hospital. Scarcely anyone has taken the pains to master all the problems which arise out of the redevelopment of this site; very few persons even now realize the dangers to which the site is exposed; and still fewer are prepared to consider the problems involved in the light of their relevance to the redevelopment of the County of London, and the powers which it is necessary that the L.C.C. should obtain and be prepared to exercise before it can supervise this redevelopment. The immediate urgent need is to make sure that at least a part of the site is not used in a way contrary to the public interest, and now is also the time to emphasize the scandal of a situation in which neither the L.C.C. nor the Ministry of Health can jointly or separately impose their will, if the company now owning the Foundling Hospital insists upon ignoring the public welfare.

This company purchased the estate from the Syndicate which bought it from the Governors of the Foundling Hospital with the intention of transferring Covent Garden Market on to the site; Covent Garden Market being controlled by the same group of financiers. It will be remembered that in the year 1926 this project was quashed by Parliament, on the ground that this Syndicate had failed to substantiate its case that the market would be better provided for on the new site. As a result of this decision the

controllers of two large and important sites in Central London found themselves without any clear or immediate prospect of realizing the expectations of their shareholders—and the present owners of the Foundling Site, having purchased the estate from the Syndicate, are still in the same difficulty.

From the point of view of London alone, there is a choice between two desirable uses to which the Foundling site may be put. The University of London has a claim upon it as a part of a University quarter, and the Borough of Holborn has a claim for its use as an open space. The claim of the University is obvious: the claim of Holborn not so obvious. Holborn has problems of its own towards the solution of which the Foundling site is almost the only possible contributor. The percentage of open space in Holborn is only 2.2, slightly more than that of Southwark. The figures of child delinquency show a much greater percentage in Holborn than in any other borough except its neighbour, Finsbury. The district immediately south of the Hospital has long been overcrowded; its overcrowding was aggravated by the Kingsway improvement, and the census figures for the whole borough do not adequately reveal conditions in the neighbourhood south of the Hospital. One quarter of the population of Holborn (a very large percentage) live in flats and tenement buildings; the borough is infested with the kind of demoralized humanity regularly found in the neighbourhood of the pleasure quarters of a great city; its proportion of poverty is greater than that of any other borough in London, but very few of its paupers accept poor relief; and politics reveal an unhealthy conflict between extremes of Communism and Conservatism. None of these circumstances seem to have made the least impression upon the members of the London County Council.

Almost everything discoverable about Holborn demonstrates that what its population most hungers for is a park, not a smart West End park, but a park in which children can play and old people can rest—one ideally situated on the vacant land around the Foundling Hospital and on the adjoining squares. But so far as practical politics are concerned such a proposal is a tragic absurdity, and the L.C.C. is content that it should remain so; it could only be realized by public subscription, and, in that event, only if a sum, four or five times as big as that which after months of tense and secret negotiations secured the grounds of Bethlem Hospital to Southwark, were offered to the present owners of the site. The chances of collecting such a sum are negligible.

All that is now left is the prospect of preserving part of the site—the Forecourt of the Hospital, with a front adjoining Guilford Street, with picturesque historic associations and with a belt of fine trees. But even the prospect of preserving these four acres is complicated by the price which may be asked for them and the conflicting demands for their use.

This Forecourt and the tradition of a site for two hundred years dedicated to children may be preserved if the Children's Hospital is enabled to rebuild on the site of the present Foundling building. This scheme not only provides for the preservation of the Forecourt as an open space; it also possesses a real chance of raising the big sum needed to obtain an option on the site. Up to now all other schemes have ignored the importance of the Forecourt, and none appears to possess a real prospect of collecting the needed money. The L.C.C. town plan contemplates the use of the Forecourt for residential buildings; the University of London, if by any chance it could raise the money for an option on the site, would not preserve any land as public open space; the Opera House would be built all over the Forecourt; while it appears that the owners

have already engineered from the L.C.C. permission to build immediately blocks of ten-storey flats all over their property.

From a cursory reading of paragraphs in the newspapers credulous people might be led to assume that the L.C.C. had done its utmost, within the limitation of its powers, to preserve the amenity of the neighbourhood and at least a part of the site. But the facts do not really lead to this conclusion. It is true that this principal authority has made a half-hearted endeavour to persuade the Minister of Health to stretch the reference of the Town Planning Act in order that part of Bloomsbury might be town-planned. But its motives in so doing do not appear to have been to save a part of this site or to raise important questions of principle—apparently it sought only to safeguard itself against public discussion of its impotence and indifference. The L.C.C. town plan actually invited the consent of the Ministry of Health to the use of the Forecourt for residential purposes. No member of the Council drew effective attention to this obvious defect in its own plan; instead the town plan was approved by the Council in silence, without comment or discussion. Now, two years after the decision to make the town plan came into force, the Minister of Health has suspended his judgment in regard to its legality. There is no public comment upon this. But an interim order has been sanctioned by which the owners of the site can build twelve blocks of ten-storey flats to be let at cheap rents, with the narrowest of narrow streets in between, and with occasional sunless tennis courts and gardens just big enough to provide the necessary quota of light and air between the buildings. The inert members of the London County Council appear to have given their uncritical consent to this order also in silence. The only effect of these secret manipulations has been to emphasize the impregnable position of the owners of the site; nothing effective has been done to guard the interest of London, or to improve the position of the L.C.C. as a negotiating body.

The whole catalogue of negligence and muddle ought to amount to a public scandal. An intelligent and critical democracy might fasten upon it and demand explanation and solution; but in London administrative jugglery of this kind is easily slurred over. For only a very few care what happens to the site of the Foundling Hospital; and it is not to be supposed that the plea of the parents of delinquent children in Holborn can be translated into any form of effective power. In recent years Ken Wood has been purchased by private enterprise, chiefly by the donations of persons who live miles outside the County of London; at the last hour, Bethlem Hospital was rescued from the builders by the gift of a millionaire; no one was interested enough to buy Mornington Crescent or Endsleigh Gardens, and nobody determined enough to enforce old Statutes which might have been held to protect at least one of them. The part of the L.C.C. in all these negotiations has been that of a disinterested spectator, contented to allow the replanning of London to remain dependent upon the industry of a few leisured amateurs and the charity which their energy and prestige may enlist.

The really significant factors in the present situation are the cynical indifference and half-hearted enterprise of those responsible persons who are aware of its complexities—and the complete ignorance of millions who possess no sense of the character or of the needs of the so-called County of London in which they live. No one seems to care how long present conditions last; if a public scandal is avoided that is enough. Henceforward it should be a part of Liberal policy to make London familiar with its scandals.

R. G. RANDALL.

TRUSTS AND COMBINES

By H. L. NATHAN.

[The following speech was delivered by Major Nathan, a member of the Executive Committee of the Industrial Inquiry and of the National Liberal Federation, at the Conference on Liberal Industrial Policy, in moving the following Resolution:—

"There is a proper place in the National Economy for large-scale enterprises privately owned and directed, provided that public authority can exercise such control as will prevent them from exploiting opportunities for monopoly to the detriment of the public. Since publicity in regard to the relevant facts is essential to the effective exercise of control, large public companies controlling more than 50 per cent. of a product within Great Britain should be registered as Public Corporations subject to special provisions as to publicity and to inspection by the Board of Trade. In the case of abuses coming to light, the procedure recommended by the Committee on Trusts (1919) should be followed, including the establishment of a Trust Tribunal with power in the last resort to regulate prices."]

THERE is in this country a stubborn and rooted dislike of Trusts. It has its foundation in the belief in competition as the only certain means of discovering cheapness and efficiency. There is a suspicion that the old competition of manufacturers to keep prices down has given way to a new combination of manufacturers to keep prices up. Nor is this suspicion lessened by the secretiveness of these Trusts. They seldom work in the full light of day, but seem to have an infinite capacity for hiding their light under a bushel. Interlocked directorates, interchange of shares, the creation of subsidiaries, the formation of price maintenance rings and other subtle devices and expedients evolved by the ingenious mind of the lawyer, have combined not merely to reduce the genuine competitive element, but to conceal the fact that it has been reduced.

But the fact remains that Trusts are here.

They are indeed the inevitable outcome of irresistible forces. The reduced fund of capital available for industrial investment, the necessity of more rapid and more frequent replacement of obsolescent plant, the demands of large-scale scientific research, and the application of science to industry in all its branches, the duplication of equipment, the duplication of stocks, the duplication of brain power and physical energy and effort—all these point to the necessity of eliminating waste and of consolidating our resources, both human and material.

Then there is the new phenomenon of world over-production bringing in its train the problem of the stabilization of prices and of employment, and the relating of production to outlets. It involves the whole complex of ideas underlying the modern theory of rationalization. Also, and perhaps most immediate, there is the creation of huge aggregations of capital abroad: "opposite numbers" here are essential if we are to retain our place in the markets of the world. It is already clear that the passwords to the new industrial order will be "consolidate" and "rationalize."

We must, of course, be alert to the dangers lurking in great Combines. A Trust may be but little less powerful than a Government, and its impositions upon the community scarcely less onerous. It is an axiom of our constitutional practice that the civil power must be supreme over the military: we must see to it that the State is effectively dominant over Trusts. To try to prevent their progress is like nothing so much as the small child with his spade and bucket making a sand castle to keep back the rising tide. The remedy lies not in condemnation, but in control.

It would be a great mistake to believe that Trusts are merely mischievous and harmful. They have positive quali-

ties. They undoubtedly help to sell our goods. To sell our goods after all is our major problem. In the old days British goods sold themselves. To-day our job is to persuade people to buy them. Our problem used to be manufacturing, it is now marketing. To establish highly skilled marketing organizations requires a large manufacturing organization behind it, the investment of much capital, the potential capacity to attract the best men. The Trust helps to provide all these requisites. The old competition made us the best workmen in the world; the new combination might make us also the best salesmen.

There is a widespread feeling that Trusts tend to raise prices. There is no inherent reason why they should. There are obvious obstacles. Prices, after all, must be in the long run controlled by sales. There is a limit in every business when any increase of price means a decrease in profits. Trusts may banish many kinds of competition, but there is one competition that they cannot banish, and that is the competition between supply and demand. But it may be argued that economic law is not a sufficient barrier against the possible ravages of Trusts. This invading army is indeed apt to be rough and ruthless in its march. The community must impose on it a new and stringent code of discipline. We want a new Safeguarding of Industries Act—not to protect manufacturers from competitors, but to protect the community from combinations. That new safeguard must be publicity. Not merely an extended publicity of accounts which should be applied to all companies, but a special and vigilant publicity which should be applicable to Trusts and Combines—a piercing publicity, a sort of spearhead publicity which will tear aside veils and disclose what lies behind. In particular, Trusts should be subject to inspection by the Board of Trade, and should, as a matter of course, be under an obligation to disclose rate of profit on turnover and on capital and other matters which enable one to judge as to whether or not the concern is exploiting the public.

The mere fact that a concern makes a large profit is not by itself evidence of exploitation. You may have a concern with an enormous turnover, at a small profit, which only involves a relatively small capital, so that the small profit on turnover is reflected in fantastic profit upon capital. Conversely you may have a concern requiring a very large amount of fixed plant, and the investment of enormous sums of capital where the profit on turnover is large and the profit on capital is small. No general rule can be laid down. Every case must be judged upon its own facts. The concern to be watched is that which makes an exaggerated profit both on turnover and on capital. What we want are the facts. If we have the facts, we shall be able to judge as regards each such enterprise as to whether it is an instrument of legitimate profits or merely an organ of irrational extortion. At present there may perhaps be a danger of Trusts keeping prices high at home in order, by being able to quote lower prices, to get orders from abroad. That would be the very negation of the results of FreeTrade. The community would be forced to buy in the dearest market in order that its manufacturers might sell in the cheapest. It would be protection upside-down. Instead of the foreigner being taxed for our benefit, we should be taxed for the foreigner's benefit.

What, then, is our position on Trusts? We cannot abolish them. They are inevitable. Let the Trusts make as much as they will or can abroad. Our prime concern is to protect from exploitation our people at home.

But we must not be content with the negative policy of securing that Trusts do not inflict damage: we must adopt a positive policy. We must make it our business to see that in their train they bring benefits to the community.

We must regard Trusts less as liabilities and more as assets. Like the Falls of Niagara, Trusts left to themselves represent the relentless, ruthless progress of natural forces. To our fathers the rushing and turbulent waters of Niagara seemed cruel and uncontrollable. To-day those same waters, bridled and curbed by the wit of man, have been made to generate electrical power and energy for half a continent. So Trusts, skilfully harnessed, wisely directed, prudently controlled, can be made to generate economic power and energy for the development and expansion of Britain's industrial future.

THE FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION

PARIS, APRIL 9TH, 1928.

THE ŒUVRE ironically suggested a few days ago that the new Chamber of Deputies, when it meets for the first time on June 1st, should pass a vote of confidence in M. Poincaré and adjourn for four years. That might well be the appropriate sequel to this astonishing general election, which is taking place in conditions that make more conspicuous than ever the weaknesses of French political life, and is likely to increase the discredit into which representative institutions have already fallen in France. One of the most disquieting symptoms is the attitude of the post-war generation of "intellectuals," as they are commonly called—the young men that have had a higher education. I come into contact with a good many and my observation, confirmed by that of others with a wider knowledge of them, is that the great majority are either indifferent or reactionary, and that the minority—the *élite*—regard politics and politicians with cynical disgust.

The disgust is excusable. I have been studying the professions of faith of the various candidates—in Paris they number on an average ten for each seat—on the hoardings provided by a benevolent Government for election posters and have received the impression that French politics are more than ever an affair of labels and stock phrases. So far as one can judge by their election addresses very few of the candidates have any programme or any opinion about the immediate problems of foreign and internal policy. For example, if an elector wishes to know what the candidates think about the question of evacuating the Rhineland he will look in vain as a rule for information on that point, except in the posters of the candidates of the Right, who say plainly that there can be no question of evacuation until the new French frontier has been fortified—a work of years. The Right, whose chief organization is the Republican Federation, and who, under the able guidance of M. de Kerillis, are making a more active and effective campaign than any other party, are fighting the election on the slogan: "Vote for Poincaré and avert the German, Socialist, and Communist perils!" Perils of one sort or another have always played a prominent part in French elections.

Take a vitally important internal question—the appalling French death-rate. The JOURNAL DES DÉBATS published last Friday statistics of the death-rate in eighteen of the principal European countries during the years 1921-1925, which showed that the only countries with a higher death-rate than France were (in that order) Roumania, Spain, and Hungary—that is to say, three of the most backward countries in Europe. Even Bulgaria and Italy had lower death-rates than France. Everybody knows that the high death-rate is due to bad housing and lack of sanitation and hygiene, but not a single party has any

remedy to propose, and not a single candidate, so far as my observation goes, even mentions the matter.

What one finds on the election hoardings are phrases about the necessity of returning "a Republican, Laïque, and Democratic majority grouped round Raymond Poincaré," but no indication at all of what the majority proposes to do when it is returned. It is true that, since M. Poincaré himself has given no indication about his future policy on any question—even that of the currency—it is difficult for his supporters to give one. Some of them, however, declare in favour of the complete revalorization of the franc. It is not surprising that the younger generation are getting a little tired of being asked to vote for gentlemen whose only programme consists in being "républicain et laïque." When one sees those epithets appropriated by Die-Hard Tories, one understands why Anatole France, when asked whether he was a Republican, replied: "Do you take me for an imbecile?"

The Socialist and Communist candidates are no exceptions to the rule of nullity. The Socialist Party has no electoral programme, having been unable to agree on one, but I notice on the Socialist hoardings an appeal to the electors to vote for abolishing war by universal disarmament—a somewhat incongruous appeal from a party that voted unanimously for the famous "Paul-Boncour Bill." As for the Communists, who had several trumps in their hands, they are throwing them all away. They might have appealed with success to the electors as the only party that voted against all the military measures and the recent increase in import duties, which has already raised prices. Their only electoral programme, however, is: "Class against Class! Forward for the Government of workmen and peasants!" Which is hardly practical politics.

In short, the conclusion that one draws from a study of election literature is that most of the French parties and candidates either have no political sense or believe that the electors have none. Perhaps they are justified in the latter belief. We shall soon know.

It is now clear that, as I anticipated nearly two months ago, the only issue in the election will be Raymond Poincaré. It will in effect be a plebiscite for or against him. And the issue will be purely personal, for, as I have already said, he has no programme, or rather he has refused to say what it is. In his speeches at Bordeaux and Carcassonne he appealed for the support of the country solely on his past record—not merely that of the last two years, but that of the last sixteen. He is the saviour of the franc, but he is also the President with the *politique fière* that led to the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine (perhaps at a somewhat excessive cost), and the Prime Minister of the Ruhr, and he claimed credit at Bordeaux for those earlier achievements. Nobody can accuse him of any lack of frankness. His Radical supporters may try to deceive themselves and their electors, but they know perfectly well to what they are giving their approval and, although no doubt their present attitude is inconsistent with their attitude in 1924, it is quite consistent with their conduct before that date. There has never really been any fundamental difference between M. Herriot and M. Poincaré.

That the plebiscite will give M. Poincaré a large majority seems almost certain. That is to say, the large majority of the deputies elected are likely to be avowed "Poincarists." The only anti-Poincarist candidates are the Socialists, the Communists, and a minority of the Radicals (including in that category the "Republican Socialists," who are Radicals under another name), and it is incredible that a majority of the 612 deputies to be elected should belong to one or other of those three categories. It is unusually difficult to make any forecast of the result

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of the election beyond that of a probable "Poincarist" victory. An opinion widely held in France is that the Right and Right Centre and the Socialists will gain seats at the expense of the Radicals, and that the Communists will gain votes, but not seats, the system of single-member constituencies being unfavourable to them, but for my part I can form no opinion about the matter. I have never known a French general election held in such confusion and obscurity. Any surprise is possible. There might be a Radical disaster.

On the face of it, the humiliating position in which the Radical Party has put itself ought to damage it with the electors. It would in most countries. M. Poincaré has tied the majority of the Radicals to his chariot wheels without making them the smallest concession. In default of any other excuse for their capitulation, they have seized on a vague passage in his Carcassonne speech which they interpret as being an acceptance of the Thoiry policy and the evacuation of the Rhineland, and have misled the German Liberals and Socialists, always ready to take their wishes for realities. In fact M. Poincaré committed himself to nothing. What he said was:—

"Il serait prématuré de s'aventurer, sur ce point, à des prévisions que les événements pourraient démentir. Tout ce qu'il convient de dire, c'est que, sous réserve de notre sécurité et de notre droit à réparations, nous accepterions volontiers, l'heure venue, des combinaisons qui, par le placement des obligations, nous permettraient, à nos alliés d'hier, à l'Allemagne et à nous, de nous acquitter plus rapidement de nos dettes."

This extremely cautious statement is quite consistent with his repeated declarations that France will reduce her claims on Germany only in the proportion in which her creditors reduce their claims on her. The TEMPS has explained that nothing can be done in any case until after the American presidential election, but that it might be useful for the representatives of the European countries concerned to discuss the matter at Geneva next September. The order in which the conditions of a settlement present themselves, according to the TEMPS, which undoubtedly speaks for M. Poincaré, is: security, reparations, inter-allied debts, evacuation of the Rhineland. In fact, evacuation depends on the consent of Great Britain and the United States to cancel the French debts and on further guarantees of "security," which may be, as the French Right say, the fortification of the new French frontier, or, as is proposed by the Radicals and M. Paul-Boncour, a permanent control by the League of Nations of the German demilitarized zone, or a guarantee by Great Britain of the Polish frontiers, or all of these and perhaps more besides. This is not the Thoiry policy. M. Poincaré still thinks that Locarno is not enough.

His ambiguity on this, as on all other questions of policy, is, of course, studied and tactically wise. Only by cryptic utterances that the warring sections of his supporters could interpret as they pleased could he keep the Government intact until after the election. By refusing to reveal his future policy he enables candidates and electors with opposite opinions to join in supporting him. There are perhaps countries in which the result of such tactics would be that nobody would support him, but M. Poincaré knows his fellow-countrymen.

Another advantage of the tactics is that they enable M. Poincaré to choose his majority in the new Chamber according to circumstances. The Radicals believe or pretend to believe that he intends to throw over the Right and form a Government of "Republican Concentration"—another stock phrase dear to French politicians, which apparently means in this case a Government excluding the Right on one hand and the Socialists on the other. The truth, of course, is that M. Poincaré does not yet know

with what majority he will be able to govern. Apart from the fact that he referred at Bordeaux to the Right and Centre as the most faithful factors in the "National Union," he cannot throw over the Right unless he can get a majority without them. In the retiring Chamber the Right, Socialists, and Communists numbered after the general election of 1924, 277 in a House of 584. It would, therefore, have been possible to form a Government of "Republican Concentration," provided that all the Radicals supported it, but M. Poincaré has never had the support of all the Radicals, and his Government could not have lasted a day without the support of the Right. It is unlikely that he will have the support of all the Radicals in the new Chamber. Perhaps he is counting on an open split in the Radical Party, a possibility which M. Herriot, to judge from a recent interview with him in the *JOURNAL*, regards with equanimity. But even so, M. Poincaré would need the Right, unless the number of his Radical supporters is greatly increased, as seems improbable. Besides, the only political principle to which the French Radical Party has been consistently faithful is the principle that Radicals must always be in office. If the number of Radicals and Socialists in the new Chamber should be large enough to make a coalition Government of the Left possible, the Radicals would probably throw over M. Poincaré. It will be seen that, even if M. Poincaré triumphs in the election, his troubles will not be over, and should the Right and the Socialists gain, they will be increased. His great aim is to defeat the Socialists and, if he fails in that, his victory may be a Pyrrhic one.

Only after the second ballots on April 29th will it be possible to form an opinion about the result of the election and its consequences, and, in view of the unusual plethora of candidates, the number of second ballots is likely to be unusually large. There were 254 in 1914, the last election on the system of single-member constituencies. At the second ballots the hesitating Radicals will be forced to make a choice, if the Socialists keep to their intention, proclaimed even by M. Renaudel, of making it a condition of their support to a Radical that he pledges himself against M. Poincaré and the "National Union." In constituencies where the parties of the Left fail to come to an arrangement at the second ballot, the Right or Centre will be the gainers. On April 30th we shall perhaps be able to anticipate the probable orientation of French politics during the next four years. At present the future is quite uncertain. The election is a leap in the dark.

ROBERT DELL.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE Independent Labour Party at its Easter Conference was rather pathetically declaring its own "right to live." The I.L.P. is still staggering under the blow inflicted by Mr. Snowden, who recently declared, in his acid way, that its continued existence is "neither necessary nor useful." Political parties, like every other kind of corporate body, have a strong instinct for self-preservation; they cling to life for the sake of living, whatever stern mentors may say. The I.L.P. considers naturally that it is both necessary and useful. Its function is nothing less than to supply the Labour Party with a policy and to see that it is carried out, here and now. The Labour Party, it is true, will have nothing to do with the engaging slogan "Socialism in our time," being composed, so far as its managers are concerned, of opportunists, statesmen of the orthodox breed, devoted to the inevitability of gradualness and suchlike sensible but uninspiring phrases. The

I.L.P.'ers are the hot-gospellers or the gingerers of Labour; and I should agree, as an outsider, that as such they have their part to play. Every party should have its ginger group:—

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there be no more cakes and ale?"—

"Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too."

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The I.L.P. makes the same retort to Mr. Snowden, and continues defiantly to offer the electorate the hot ginger of Socialism in our time—or what a speaker at Norwich described as "something spicy." If one looks calmly at the gift, instead of merely enjoying the stimulus to the political palate, one may reasonably doubt its value; and that is precisely what the official Labour Party did when it refused to adopt the policy of the living wage. The speeches of Mr. Maxton and his friends when quietly examined prove to contain nothing more subtle than the ancient equalitarian doctrine. He really thinks that the ills of society would be cured if you were to take the wealth of the country and divide it up among the population. Well, I am no economist, but I think I know enough about it to assert that this is crude nonsense. One naturally wants to know how it would work, and it is tantalizing to be put off by Mr. Maxton with the advice to study I.L.P. "literature." I am content to remark with Mr. Tom Shaw that rabbits cannot be conjured out of a hat. No, Mr. Maxton is on safer ground when he hints that the I.L.P. has got a nice tempting bait for the next election—a "nice spicy" bait. The "usefulness" of bait lies in being swallowed without examination.

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Mr. Baldwin is certainly the most successful of all Prime Ministers in disarming criticism. Unkind people there are who hint that the legendary Baldwin which has been created in the public mind owes some of its touches to his own artistic hand. Mr. Baldwin must be as well aware as any caricaturist of the incalculable value of that pipe. He must know very well that in the general estimation a liking for pigs cannot exist along with guile, and also that there is a special public that is ready to accept anything from a lover of the classics. It is a composite, but undeniably an attractive figure; it looks solid and satisfactory, and it serves its creator admirably. Mr. Baldwin is, of course, as nice a man as he seems to be. It may be doubted, however, whether he is quite so innocently nice as all that. I fancy the real Baldwin must allow himself the luxury of a cynical smile now and then as he watches the newspaper readers' Mr. Baldwin doing duty for him so efficiently. Mr. Baldwin of the popular imagination is constantly forgiven achievements which would have brought some Prime Ministers down with a smash long ago. This Baldwin can declare at five o'clock that the mines shall never have a subsidy, and three hours later can grant a subsidy. Irresolution, incompetence! Who dare suggest it? Mr. Baldwin is an honest man; is he not the author of a hundred well-meaning perorations? This Mr. Baldwin can, without earning the execration of anybody but Mr. Cook—who does not count—throw the miners to the wolves of economic necessity. He is, we know, a kindhearted man, and would not do it if he could help himself. It must be all the fault of Lord Birkenhead. Mr. Baldwin can lead the country towards Protection as gently but as inexorably as farmer Baldwin might lead one of his pigs to market. It was refreshing to find Mr. Lloyd George in his address to the Young Liberals some few days ago insisting on dealing direct with the real Baldwin. Mr. Lloyd George does this kind of thing very well. Did he not win his spurs by invective against a powerful and popular Minister? In

this speech he handled Mr. Baldwin with a wholesome realism. His counter-image of Mr. Baldwin as a bewildered ticket-collector who has blundered into the State signal-box was admirable and so true that it may even slightly dim the radiance of the conventional picture.

Thanks to the London County Council's sublime defiance of the British and the German Governments—and of Mr. T. P. O'Connor—I was able to see "Dawn" in the Easter Holidays. I must freely admit that the changes upon which the L.C.C. insisted as the condition of public exhibition, greatly modify one's preliminary objections. We are spared the revolting spectacle of Nurse Cavell lying fainting on the ground, and the equally unhistorical incident of the shooting of a German soldier for refusing to fire. Miss Cavell is shown quietly facing the firing party, and that is all. I should imagine that the average film-goer would vote this ending an anti-climax, but there is no question that its restraint goes a long way to soften one's antipathy to the filming of this story. Another reconciling influence, for the effect of which the polemics of the affair could not prepare one, is the fact that the part of Miss Cavell is played by a fine tragic actress, whom no sane person would accuse of pandering to sensationalism. The quietness and restraint of Miss Thorndike are indeed calculated again to disappoint the devout film-goer whose palate is damaged by high-spiced fare. Miss Thorndike underacts rather than overacts, and that is something to be thankful for. Thirdly, candour compels the admission that the avowed object of the authors of the film is largely achieved. The picture does not display the German authorities in Belgium in a more odious light than is consistent with the plain fact that they did shoot an English nurse. They are shown as stupidly and even lazily fulfilling their parts as cogs in a senseless machine, as the slaves of a supposed necessity. The villain in the piece is impersonal—the blind stupidity of war—and once more the result is to leave unsatisfied the hearty appetite of the film-goer for unmistakable wickedness. The film is much less mischievous than it might have been—the possibilities of distortion are appalling—but I remain of the opinion that it would have been better to keep the Cavell story out of the picture house.

The recent debate on newspaper syndicates was futile in the sense that a few prejudices about the Press formed the sole equipment of most of the speakers, but it expressed a genuine disquiet. The feeling of legislators on the subject of the growth of great newspaper amalgamations is partly professional; they fear the overweening power of a rival authority. This fear seems to have little foundation. The great newspaper syndicates neither have nor care to have much political influence; they are concerned like any other industry chiefly with money making, and as views change with the news market they command little attention. Judged by the failure of occasional attempts made to carry or to defeat a measure in the House (e.g., the Rothermere Press and Equal Franchise) the multiple Press is politically negligible for good or evil. The ancient political influence of the newspapers is now concentrated in a few famous newspapers of comparatively small circulation, the newspapers that are known to be independent and that have the character that comes from individual ownership and control. Parliament may dislike the newspaper syndicates, which for the most part treat it with neglect or contempt, but it is difficult to see what the House of Commons can do. Of course, politics as a living human subject is ridiculously undervalued by the big circulation newspapers. These papers refuse for business reasons to give space to speeches, but they fail to see that there is an immense public ready to welcome intelligent and entertaining political journalism.

Unfortunately the megaphone papers confuse entertainment with snippety gossip; forgetting or not knowing that principle, the big cause, can be made every bit as exciting to the multitude as personality.

I had the opportunity last week of talking over the "Royal Oak" affair with some naval officers, whose views were probably fairly representative of the service. They were, of course, thoroughly disgusted with the noise which the "silent" Service has been forced to make in the newspapers of late. They feel that the Navy has been badly let down by the mishandling of one or two highly placed persons, who could and should have prevented this unnecessary and damaging publicity. Ultimately the responsibility lies with Mr. Bridgeman, who, whether he is handling disarmament or a row at a naval dance, shows himself to be a dangerous blunderer. On the merits of the case the Navy knows what to think, and made up its mind long before the public hue-and-cry began. What rankles in every wardroom in the Fleet is the knowledge that a dispute of a kind that is very rare is naturally taken by the public to be a common occurrence. The impression has got abroad that the higher officers on battleships spend their time in petty squabbling, and that is unfair and injurious. It is simply not true, and with a little wisdom and discretion at headquarters, the scandal might have been treated as the minor and exceptional trouble that it was. If "mutiny" had been indeed in question the upheaval could not have been greater. Of course, the mischief-makers in the foreign Press have been making the most of it. I think naval opinion is not disposed to distinguish nicely between the faults of the Admiral and the Captain. Both must bear their share of the blame of letting the Navy down. These high officers, it should be remembered, are not subjected in the daily life of the ship to the eternal and exacting propinquity of the wardroom. They have their own separate quarters quite apart from what may be the trying social contacts of the ship, and have therefore less excuse for allowing personal feelings to get the better of self-control. I should add that a good share of the general resentment is reserved for certain members of the House of Commons for their officious fussiness in thrusting the affair upon the public notice and apparently scaring Mr. Bridgeman into the worst possible action. No doubt the newspapers or some newspapers would have published sensational stories from Malta, but once more the best course would have been that advised by the Duke of Wellington: "Publish and be damned."

Gilbert was certainly the only man capable of doing justice to this affair. The temptation to quote from "H.M.S. Pinafore" has been almost irresistible, but I have found some stanzas in the "Bab Ballads" which are equally apposite:—

"His skipper (Captain Joyce),
He gave him many a rating,
And almost lost his voice
From thus expostulating:

"Lay aft, you lubber, do!
What's come to that young man, Joe?
Belay!—'vast heaving! you!
Do kindly stop that banjo!

"I wish, I do—O lor'!—
You'd shipped aboard a trader:
Are you a sailor or
A negro serenader?"

"Stern love of duty had
Been Joyce's chiefest beauty;
Says he, 'I love that lad,
But duty, damme! duty! . . ."

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"THE NATION, 1907-1928"

SIR,—It is typical of the rare modesty of Mr. J. L. Hammond that he should acclaim the coming of age of THE NATION, but THE NATION was fortunate in being the offspring of THE SPEAKER of 1899-1907, Mr. Hammond being then the editor.

What years they were! Especially 1899-1903, a transition period, when it seemed not unlikely that the Liberal Party would be diverted into a bastard Imperialism.

The ideas of THE SPEAKER ushered in the great Liberal victory of 1906, and the articles "Towards a Social Policy" call up the names of C. R. Buxton, H. C. Fairfax-Cholmeley, J. L. Hammond, F. W. Hirst, L. T. Hobhouse, J. A. Hobson, C. F. G. Masterman, J. H. Morgan, and Vaughan Nash, who put the Cause of Liberalism before its popularity or its immediate interests, and the words of THE SPEAKER in 1899, when Mr. J. L. Hammond assumed the editorship, are as true to-day:—

"Liberalism remains for us an idea capable of definite application to the social and economic evils which neglect has aggravated or produced, to those maladies of our generation which threaten to become the diseases of the next."

THE SPEAKER of 1899-1906, oftentimes ignored by many Liberal leaders, kept the soul of Liberalism alive in those searching years, and what greater tribute can be given to the work then done than that THE NATION, 1907-1928, has pursued and broadened out still further suggestions for constructive domestic reform?—Yours, &c.,

E. C. WILLIAMS.

Bank House, Brierley Hill.
April 4th, 1928.

THE PRAYER BOOK AND
DISESTABLISHMENT

SIR,—May I express my regret that the Congregational Union should have passed a resolution against the revised Prayer Book? The great hope for a pure Christianity in England lies in the drawing together of the Christian Churches; but nothing militates against this so much as the interference of one Church with another, and the hands of those Anglicans who maintain the old "Church versus Dissent" feud are greatly strengthened by such attempts to dictate to the Church of England when that Church continues to express her approval of the Revised Book by overwhelming majorities. Can we wonder that such action provokes extreme resentment? Can we wonder that some people say the Free Churches are using the Prayer Book controversy as a means for pushing forward the Disestablishment of the Church and making the clergy poorer than they are already? I, who have worked so much with Free Churchmen, am filled with sorrow at the blow which this feeling strikes at the prospects of reunion.

The Council does, in fact, take advantage of this resolution of the chance of raising again the old Liberationist cry—just when we might have hoped it would be generous and help us. It might well remember that the Romanizing party in the Church is also clamouring for Disestablishment. It might well open its eyes to the fact that a foreign Church is attempting to wreck the Church of England and establish itself on the ruins. Quite clearly the separation of Church and State would be a grievous danger to that Protestantism which the Council desires to maintain.

Liberationism has become a weakness in Nonconformist Protestantism and in political Liberalism alike, because it belongs to an individualist conception of society which is now outgrown. We no longer look upon the "State" as a secular and external entity; the ideal, indeed, would be a nation sufficiently tolerant and united to express itself both religiously, socially, and politically by democratic methods. The reverse of this ideal has set the religion of Europe, both East and West, in ruins. England and Scotland alone,

with their genius for self-government and comprehension, have preserved the ideal of the national expression of religion. To run down the flag now would rejoice the heart of every atheist in Europe and America, and also of the aggressive foreign Catholics, for the greatest and most famous achievement of the Reformation would have failed. I venture to suggest that the wisest course for Free Churchmen is to discard individualism in religion, which gives so much opportunity to the highly organized solidarity of Rome, and to co-operate with us in the building of a national expression of Reformed Christianity.

In spite of the troubles involved, the share of Parliament in the management of Church affairs is a good thing, and it has already secured those rigid safeguards against the misuse of reservation, which the Congregational Council ignores. There are multitudes of Catholic-minded Anglicans who welcome them; but there is also in the Church of England a small confessedly Romanizing party, and this party is unanimous against the new measure precisely because it prevents those evils which the Congregational Union thinks it does not prevent. The danger in all religions from the beginning has lain in clerical domination, and the preventive is that the nation as a whole should be able to balance the necessary clerical element. This the wisdom of the English and Scottish people has secured by means of establishment. The Reformed character of British Christianity is safe so long as the voice of the people as a whole is not suppressed, as it would be by withdrawing Church affairs from all influence by Crown and Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY DEARMER.

King's College, London.
April 2nd, 1928.

CERTAIN HOSPITALS AND WOMEN
STUDENTS

SIR,—Surely you have allowed your proper and laudable enthusiasm for equality of opportunity to betray you into an unjust attitude in this matter. The Royal Free Hospital is closed to men students. Certain hospitals, for administrative and other obvious reasons, have come to the conclusion that they will no longer admit women. If I had a son going in for medicine I should certainly send him to a hospital reserved for men students. It is unfair to characterize this attitude as inspired by feelings of sex antagonism. It has nothing to do with the teaching of delicate subjects in mixed classes, to which I have no objection. It is a matter of practical every-day work; and men and women being what they are, a man student does not get an equal share of opportunity in "seeing and doing" in a mixed class as he does in a clinic reserved for men.

By all means give women an equal chance, but they have no right to demand conditions whereby they inevitably take precedence owing to their sex.—Yours, &c.,

H. BECKETT-OVERY.

MR. BELLOC'S HISTORY

SIR—Mr. Belloc's letter reaches me in a remote Devonshire village, but it is not difficult to answer. Not only have I "heard of" the lists upon which he relies, but I know the inferences drawn from them by perhaps the most experienced and careful of living antiquaries, Mr. W. Hudson, in the preface to Vol. II. of the great Hudson-Tingey "History of Norwich." Those inferences, as corroborated by other contemporary sources, seem so conclusive that I wrote "we know from contemporary sources . . . almost certainly." Away from all documents, I cannot follow Mr. Belloc's present calculations in detail; but, if his method here in any way resembles that by which, in his second volume, he tried to inflate the mediæval population of England, it would be a waste of time to follow his arguments. Moreover, even if we grant all his demands, he does not bring us within measurable distance of the 114,000 souls postulated by his theory. To put it still more plainly, he is now arguing

(1) that there were 50,000 souls in the city and (2) that, out of these 50,000, 57,300 died in 1349! His next line of argument—the estimate of population from the number of churches—is even more naïve than his master Cobbett's attempt to reckon population by the cubic contents of Ely Cathedral and the Ipswich churches. That self-taught farmer fell, naturally enough, into an error which can only be described as grotesque in one who now constantly boasts himself as the single man of direct vision, born to set mere academics right. But Cobbett did at least know his job; he could at least reckon the number of cattle pretty exactly from the size of their stall, whereas Mr. Belloc has not even visualized the implications of his own theory. Let us (for the sake of argument) grant him his 60 parish churches, though a good many of these exist only in his imagination. His theory, then, assumes that each parish church must imply nearly 2,000 souls, or about 1,000 persons bound by law to attend Mass. The exaggeration of this estimate will be realized by all who know the Norwich churches, and still more by those who reflect that, before 1349, the majority of them were probably far smaller Norman or Early English buildings. Moreover, if applied over all England, this theory would bring us to the impossible figure of 20 millions, or twice as many (if I remember right) as Mr. Belloc's own inflated figures.

But (he pleads) Blomefield has said it, on the strength of "presumably contemporary records." Blomefield was a very meritorious but far from accurate antiquary of more than 150 years ago, whom no competent mediævalist would dream of quoting as a final authority. And, as I said in my review, we know now where Blomefield found this 57,300—in a note jotted down nearly 200 years after the event, by whom nobody knows!—for Mr. Belloc's "presumably" is simply an exercise of his imagination. He might easily have discovered the truth, if not before his "History," at least before writing this letter.

But how can we expect truth about the past from a writer so careless of present facts which stare him in the face? He now complains that my review makes only "one definite point" against him. Yet, in fact, I made three others—viz. (1) that his whole Black Death account, upon which, confessedly, he hangs a great part of the entire volume, was avowedly based upon a notoriously inaccurate monograph; (2) that he is wildly inaccurate as to the actual evidence of episcopal institution lists; and (3) that he has omitted the one fact for which we have most certain evidence, and which does most to explain Wycliffism and the Reformation—the "tragic and spectacular breakdown of the Church Universal" in face of the plague. These three indictments far outweigh in importance the question of the 57,300 deaths; and, if Mr. Belloc really wants more, I am ready to fill another column with inaccuracies for which there was no room in my review.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

Thurlestone, April 5th, 1928.

SUTTEE

SIR,—The preface to my "Suttee" begins: "I suppose the impulse to write this book dates back to my shame and anger in India when men and women of my own race extolled suttee, and the amazement with which I first saw the memorials of Hindu kings, with the *satis* crouching forms. But the impulse was slight, and would have slept but for a publisher's interest. Messrs. Allen & Unwin passed on to me questions asked about suttee by their reader when reporting on my share in 'Three Eastern Plays.' Receiving my reply, they suggested that I should write an 'Essay on Suttee.' I said I would; but the essay at once got out of hand and became a monograph. I found with surprise how slight was the attention given in any language, Indian or European, to the subject, and how loose and erroneous were many statements of even the best historians." Will your reviewer explain why he thinks it justifiable to take the first half of the first (and least important) sentence of the passage I have quoted and roundly to say—in a long paragraph of grossly personal sneering at "the curious

people who seem to have favoured" me "with their society"—that I wrote "Suttee" because I was annoyed by "Anglo-Indian" chatter extolling it? In any case, no other reader has supposed that I meant tennis-group talk; I meant, of course, the false halo of romance thrown over widow-burning by literature. And my (alleged) "remarkable reason" for writing the book is his own truncated quotation of my first twenty-seven words.

His other misrepresentations I cannot ask space to handle; but I must protest against having serious statements dismissed, not as wrong, but as (in his judgment) politically unwise. If I have, as he satirically suggests, any influence with Indians because of another book I wrote, I do not care to keep it on the condition of never saying anything unpalatable to these friends. I intend to write what I believe is true, in as unambiguous language as I can find, in the conviction that this is what Indian questions of all kinds need, that this policy is right and wise, and that insincerity and trimming deceive no one.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD THOMPSON.

Scar Top, Boars Hill, Oxford.
April 6th, 1928.

PASSCHENDAELE AND THE SOMME

SIR,—The review of my war diary, signed E. B., shows an almost complete misunderstanding of the nature and content of the book. E. B. creates an illusion of Passchendaele and of the Somme, and tries to bring the diary into line with it. He has evidently been under the impression that this collection of notes and impressions in the life of an individual is none other than a set history or novel devoted to Passchendaele, and reviews it in that light. I can assure him that it is neither an historical, geological, medical, ethnographical, or geographical treatise; it is merely a diary of 1917 entitled "Passchendaele and the Somme." E. B. even objects to the title. Can he suggest a better? As it is, he has reviewed a title and an illusion and missed the diary altogether. Might I suggest that he return to it and read it as such?—Yours, &c.,

HUGH QUIGLEY.

14, Larpent Avenue, Putney, S.W.15.
March 24th, 1928.

[E. B. writes:—

I do not know what Mr. Quigley is complaining of. I did not ascribe to him any "historical, geological, medical, ethnographical, or geographical treatise." I did not create "an illusion of Passchendaele and the Somme." Those names are famous for months of mud and blood, no illusion at all—but Mr. Quigley knows that. If he chooses to call his diary—which he also defines in his volume as "letters"—by those names, a reviewer must point out to the public that he is not treating to any great extent of the powerful subjects they naturally suggest. His argument seems to be that the implications of a title do not matter. I might as well produce my old notes on Horace made on the Somme as "From Beaumont-Hamel to Albert: An Infantryman's Notebook" in that event.

As for his invitation to me to supply "a better title," he does almost all that is required himself by putting forward the idea of "notes and impressions" and subduing the spacious names under which his book has gone forth.

Looking over my review again, I see that while I have naturally dwelt on the ordinary expectations roused by Mr. Quigley's title, I have not confined myself to a negative statement about his pages. They are indicated in the general position which they seem to me to take up, and in their prevailing pictorial quality. This leads me to wonder why authors should not read their reviewers as modestly as they expect their reviewers to read them. Mr. Quigley is not alone in failing to do this, and the consequence is that the carefully proportioned critical arrangements of a journal are often unnecessarily disturbed. Still, the author may feel better at the end; and one day he may be a reviewer himself: "Imperial Caesar—"]

THE PLANETARIUM

IT stands beside the Zoo, a dingy and modest building with a domed roof; you can see it from the windows as the train slips into Berlin. A single word indicates its purpose, a clumsy bastard of a word, neither quite Greek, quite Latin, nor quite honest German, but with something of the mouthful-quality of German: Planetarium, it says, disdaining any further elucidation. Few residents in Berlin (naturally) have visited it. "Have you been to the Planetarium?" you ask. "No," they reply; "what's that?" The bison who leads his sulky existence next door, and the insects who can turn themselves into dead twigs, attract much more attention. Yet here is a place where the vaster and remoter marvels of Nature will perform their tricks, at an unusual and obligingly demonstrative speed, in obedience to an electric switch, and nobody troubles to visit it. Here—but come: let us proceed in order.

You pay a mark, and take your seat. There is no stage, and apparently no performers. But there is apparatus. In the middle of the circular hall, with its white canvas dome, is a complicated and formidable piece of machinery, resembling two gigantic divers horizontally mounted feet to feet across a steel carriage. The helmets of the divers are pierced by many eyeholes, and it presently becomes evident that the whole of this contraption is worked from a distance by a black-coated gentleman seated at a desk. He touches a button, pulls a lever, does something incomprehensible, and the machine, so clumsy yet so delicate, begins to move; any part of it can be made to move in any direction, or so it seems; he manoeuvres it, sees that it is in working order; but still nothing else happens; the hall is silent save for the gentle whirr of the machinery; a few more people drift in; we wait in silent expectation. That is the thrill of a first visit to the Planetarium: you do not know what you are going to see. You then become aware that the lights are going down; the hall dims into shadow; the lights go out suddenly; and the midnight sky is upon you at a leap.

Yes, there is the midnight sky, black, cloudless, starry, motionless, with the familiar constellations in their appointed place. The illusion is perfect, even to the sense of space. Instead of sitting, warm and comfortable, in a chair with our feet on rush-matting, we might be standing on an open plain. The divers have become invisible, and we forget the presence of machinery, until four glowing green letters at the four different points of the horizon recall us: N.; S.; O.; W. Also, a voice begins to speak, out of the darkness; decidedly, we are in a lecture-hall and not on an open plain. But we soon forget the lecturer in the fantasy and magnificence of his illustrations. We have no need to listen to his statistics or to his mouthing corruption of the classical names, when overhead the firmament is speaking for itself. There are the stars—the Bear, Orion, Cassiopeia, the Twins—there is the Milky Way—how is it done?—but never mind how it is done: there it is—and now a glow begins low down in the east, and a bigger, rounder orb climbs slowly up, the size of a football, and travels in a curved path among the motionless stars: the sun! but a sun which is not so unkind as to extinguish the more distant suns of space. So that is what the stars would be doing, and how they would be placed, if we could see them in broad daylight? The whole sky is revolving now, Orion is gone below the horizon, Arcturus rises as the Bear stands on his head, the sun has reached the meridian, when the lecturer, whose booming voice and unseen presence we had alike forgotten, does something with his switch and the heavens stand still. Like Joshua he has stopped the sun. A huge white measuring rod springs up across the sky. It is marked off into degrees, and the names of the months

appear at intervals. Out of doors, it was snowing as we came in; but there stands the sun, high and triumphant: it is noon on Midsummer Day. Now the soft whirr begins again; the sun is sinking, Orion is again visible, and a new figure appears in the east, the new moon, slim as a "paring of Paradisaical fruit," drawn inevitably across the heavens in the path of her master. The sun is gone; it is night; but night passes in a second, and that round orb is again climbing the east.

But this time he comes escorted. Seven resplendent bodies attend him, and we are privileged to see all our fellow-planets at once. Neptune and Uranus are really too remote to stir our interest, and besides we can never hope to watch them with the naked eye; but the others we recognize with their characteristics emphasized and ennobled. There is little Mercury, keeping as close to the sun as he dares; Venus a white splendour as befits the queen of beauty; Mars red as blood; Saturn encircled by his rings; and cloud-streaked Jupiter with his eight guardian moons. No summer night ever showed us such a galaxy. They rise steadily with the sun, at their respective distances; but there is something wrong, surely? for these are the wanderers of heaven; these are no fixed stars? But see, see now: they move, they are travelling in their orbits, they cross and recross: what eclipses and occultations must be taking place! Venus flies before the god of war, and Mercury gets in their way, the imp of this celestial flirtation. Imposing and majestic as our heaven is commonly accepted to be, this display makes us think regretfully of how much a truly inventive imagination might have improved on it. For, after all, the stars are imposing chiefly thanks to our knowledge of them. In themselves, they are only rather mean little pricks of fire. It is not the light of Rigel, but the knowledge that that light takes 307 years to reach us, and emanates from a body which could swallow thousands—possibly millions—of our earths, that makes us look at Rigel with respect. There is no denying that our most effective nocturnal performer is the moon; yet the moon is actually the most peddling member of all the company; she only happens to be the nearest. Consider now the aspect of our sky had we been granted, as Jupiter, a number of such satellites; or, as Saturn, such shining hoops; or a view of our fellow-planets at closer range, which could, I imagine, have been managed, with some adjustment, at no inconvenience to ourselves. In the light of such considerations, the firmament begins to appear a little unsatisfactory. The stars, if we are to be frank, are intrinsically impressive only by virtue of their quantity; the moon is adequate, but there should be several moons; the planets move indeed, but they do not move fast enough, nor are their peculiarities sufficiently well defined. The heavens, in a word, are not as spectacular as they ought to be. How much better are matters arranged in the Planetarium. Here, the whole welkin whirls, the planets career in their orbits, the sun leaps from sign to sign in the Zodiac; he can even be made to go backwards. But even here, is there not room for some further freak of fancy? The mind, abandoning the unrealizable wish to improve on the firmament, starts improving on the Planetarium. Accuracy is very well, but we might take a few liberties after the lecture-hour is over. We might colour the moon, for instance, besides multiplying her, and throw the tides into confusion; we might draw down one of the double stars, and watch the turning of a radiant sphere round the dark and sinister partner. There would be no limit to the carnival we might set going among the comets. Then we should satisfy, not only our caprice, but the desire for power latent in us; we should not only explain the universe, we should also organize it. It is a pastime which would have appealed to

Ludwig of Bavaria; it is not a pastime for the serious-minded.

Then we come out into the lit streets of Berlin; the snow has ceased to fall, and overhead the night sky twinkles like an inferior and sobered reproduction of the sky we have been watching. Why, we reflect with a heightened impatience, should human beings who have hoisted themselves out of their limitations even to a conception of the infinite, be contented with reality when falsehood can be so much richer and more entertaining?

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

WOMEN AND HOLY ORDERS*

THE succession of three waves of which the philosopher speaks is breaking over the troubled Church. The first is the proposed New Prayer-Book; the second the prospect of Disestablishment; the third the admission of women to the priesthood. "I have hardly escaped the two first," says Socrates to Adeimantus; "do you not know that you are now bringing on me the greatest of the three?" The Bishop of Durham has entered the ring with Canon Raven; and, as both are "strikers" born, something more than a glove fight may be expected. Whether the atmosphere of contention which seems to have become second nature to Churchmen is for the good of religion is another thing.

Of the priest, in the religious as distinct from the ecclesiastical sense of the word, it may be said, as it is of the poet—*Nascitur, non fit*. I have only once heard Miss Royden, whose name naturally occurs in this connection, speak; but I have a vivid recollection of the comment of a stolid looking cleric of the rural dean type—"What a tragedy that such gifts cannot be used in the Church of England!" The priest temperament, which is not that of a miracle-monger, but that of a conductor of spiritual energy, is probably commoner among women than men. Certainly its "notes" are so—sympathy, instinctiveness, insight. Canon Raven speaks from inside knowledge:—

"I have been an Examining Chaplain to three bishops for sixteen years, and I can say without hesitation that I know, literally, dozens of women far more fit for ordination than the majority of the men now being accepted. The parochial system is in grave danger of breaking down; the number of men from the public schools and universities who desire to be ordained is admittedly quite inadequate. It is really tragic that the Church's work should be starved because we refuse to recognize and accept the offering of the new womanhood.

"Take a concrete case. A student who has taken a double first, and whose soul is on fire to serve Christ, comes to me for advice. There are in our diocese perhaps four or five men as well qualified academically as she is: she will have to work all her life under a system which assigns to her less opportunity than to the most illiterate curate. No one could honestly allow her to consider such a use of her life."

The ministry of women, however, is not the same thing as their priesthood; and it will seem to many who value and desire the extension of the former that the question as to their admission to what are technically known as "Orders" depends on the meaning attached to the term. If what is proposed is their admission to a wonder-working sacerdotal caste—sacrificing, transubstantiating, absolving, and the like, with class-consciousness, class-interests, and a distinctive official dress and style—Reverend, Right Reverend, or Venerable; the incongruity is patent. This is, indeed, the shape which the Christian ministry has taken in history. But it has become a survival: that this is so is evident from the increasing dearth of ordination candidates; neither in men nor in women is the mind of the age

moving on these lines. And it is a case in which substance and form are inseparable: the notion of the "priesthood" must be taken, or left, as a whole. Among ourselves a "mixed" priesthood would be out of the question; to propose it would be to split the Church of England in two. Nor is the demand for it an appreciable one. There are many women who desire to minister, and who can do so with profit to themselves and others; the refusal to welcome and develop their ministry may be added to what Rosmini called "The Five Wounds of the Church." But there are few, and as time goes on there will be fewer, who desire to be sacrificing and absolving priests.

The "royal priesthood" of which an Apostolic writer speaks is neither a caste nor an Order. It is a temperament. The ordained priest does not necessarily possess it; the priest who is so in truth is not made of men. His distinctive gift, that of acting as a conductor or transmitter of spirit, is independent of state or calling; it does not come with imposition of hands. Many a layman, often a very simple person has it, many a good and sympathetic woman; it knows no distinction of culture, class, or sex. The cure of souls is spiritual, not official; and the "confession," of which Canon Raven speaks, belongs to the pathology of the soul, not to its normal conditions. Like psycho-analysis it may be valuable in expert hands and in cases of abnormal complexes. But it is as undesirable that the normal minister should listen to what Jewel calls "the whisperings" of the people as it is that the general practitioner should psycho-analyze his panel patients: in neither case could anything more mischievous be conceived. Nor are Mother Confessors less to be discouraged than Father Confessors. The action of spirit upon spirit is a need, and a pressing one. But the action of rude hands is resented: the mechanism of the Confessional has "stopped the wells and filled them with earth." These abuses spring out of the soil of the human mind; a soil which is luxuriant, and produces mixed crops. They have been justified on the lines of a perverse Pragmatism: they correspond to a persistent need of human nature; and they are found (it is said) to "work." Few stop to ask, Are the beliefs on which they are based true? What are what Paley calls their "general consequences"? and, Are they on the lines of human advance?

Canon Raven is not blind to these dangers:—

"I do not think that most men are qualified or should venture to search the secrets of a woman's soul. And the risks of unpleasantness, or morbidity, and even of moral disaster are too serious to be passed over in silence. No one can study the evidence in Catholic countries without realizing that priests are not sexless; and that for many of them the danger of a perverted and prurient imagination has been too strong. And in our own Church most of us are only too well acquainted with cases in which both priest and penitent have been morally injured, cases of men whose minds are diseased, and of women whose feelings have been outraged. Men and women can advise and assist one another in multitudes of ways: the delicate business of the care of souls is not, I think, one in which people should normally minister to the opposite sex."

It may be doubted, however, whether any but very exceptional women would confess to women; nor, were they to do so, would the risks inseparable from the practice be removed. There is abundant justification for the existence and extension of the ministry of women. But their admission to the official priesthood would alienate the best mind and conscience of their sex from the Churches; and could scarcely fail to galvanize dying superstitions into new life.

The "fierce and prejudiced criticism" which Canon Raven anticipates, and may receive, is out of place. His book is opportune and suggestive; and, if the form which his demand takes is open to question, its substance is be-

*"Women and Holy Orders." By Canon Raven. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)

yond it. The changed world in which we find ourselves has come about in great measure owing to the higher education of women. This finds expression in the claim to equality of citizenship; and it is inevitable that this equality shall be recognized in religious as well as in civil life. But equality is one thing; identity of function another. And, as a fact, in the matter of religion have not women from the first occupied the position of the *centuria prærogativa*? The influence of the sex which has the training of children at the most formative stage in its hands is the more decisive. *On veniendra toujours*. The wise author of "Ionica" used to remind his pupils that the mother will beat the priest—and perhaps the professor—in the long run.

ALFRED FAWKES.

THE DRAMA

"LITERATURE" AND "THE THEATRE"

The Court Theatre: "Harold." By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

"HAROLD," which is being produced, for the first time in history, at the Court Theatre, turns out to be a much better acting play than would appear from casual reading, and great credit reflects on the person who had the intelligence to perceive this fact. Less obviously dramatic and full-blooded than "Queen Mary," it is nevertheless far from being a languid pastiche. The first half of the play in particular is full of movement and passion, and though the misadventures of Harold in England are less moving than his misadventures in Normandy, the interest excited in the first half is sufficient to carry one through till the end. Further it cannot be said that "Harold" is a literary exercise, saved by a brilliant production. The acting was often efficient, Mr. Laurence Olivier giving a very sympathetic interpretation of the title rôle, while Mr. Scott Sunderland got the genuine Machiavelli touch into the rôle of William the Conqueror. On the other hand, the production was often childishly ineffective and the *décor* far from agreeable to the eye, as well as containing a fine selection of the more irritating historical "bloomers." No. Lord Tennyson got through on his own merits. There is movement and character in the play, which however gains its distinction from the poetical nature of the author, and "Harold" really raises in an acute form the problem of "literature" and "the theatre." In my opinion "literature" wins every time, granted, of course, that it really is literature and not Stephen Phillips, which is what theatrical people generally mean. In "Harold" the verse reaches a high general level (and is not ill-designed for recitation), while there are fragmentary outbursts of high poetry:—

"Your priests
Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd! . . .
[the actor muffed this line on Tuesday night]
Old uncanonical Stigand—ask of me
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!"

Unfortunately the producer turned the most lyrical character in the play, Wulfnoth, into a drivelling idiot, thus ruining his great speech:—

"And deeper still the deep down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon thy head
And over thee the suns arise and set
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come and go
And men are at their markets, in their fields,
And woo their loves and have forgotten thee; . . ."

Why do even our "literary" producers try to mangle the literature?

Of course, there is something wrong with "Harold" which it is better to admit. First, the play is too much of a pastiche. Tennyson had all the inquisitiveness and virtuosity which should have enabled him to hammer out a new form for the poetical drama, had he had the energy to do so. But laziness had not unnaturally come with pros-

perity, and he was content to copy too closely his Elizabethan ancestors. The ghosts that appear to the sleeping Harold before Senlac, for instance, are a trifle absurd, an imitation of an age when ghosts meant something. The scena is a tepid rehash of "Richard III." and a dozen other Elizabethan tragedies.

The other weakness of the play is political and in some measure "moral." "Harold" is the outcome of the tiresome Freeman school of History when Saxon was opposed to Norman, in the interests of Kultur with one eye on the supposed machinations of Napoleon III. and General Boulanger. We are sick of this now; it is boring morally and historically jejune. But this need not have mattered. Had Tennyson stuck to it, he would, æsthetically speaking, have pulled it off and made us believe for the moment in his pure Germano-Saxon civilization ruined by the trickery of the deceitful French. Unfortunately he loses his nerve at the end, as he remembers his week-ends at Osborne and the splendours of the Victorian age. All is right with England after all. Hence on the last page William changes his character:—

"Make them again one people—Norman, English;
And English, Norman; . . .
And I will rule according to their laws."

But the poet, in his nationalist self-satisfaction, fails to see that he has knocked the bottom out of his play: that the struggle is no more between French and English; that Harold had mistaken his mission and died fighting about nothing in particular. Good history perhaps, but rotten bad drama. Truly it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a laureate to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Yet, when all is said and done, what a relief is such a play as "Harold" to the regular playgoer; for its poetical distinction shines like a good deed in a naughty world. The cast's general high level of diction should also be commended, and one can end where one began, with praise.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"THIS Year of Grace," the latest Cochran revue at the New Pavilion, gains enormously over its rivals because Mr. Noel Coward is a genuine satirist, in a pretty bad temper about life, and with wide-open eyes on the follies and foibles of the day. Satire is the essence of Revue, and is nearly always absent from revues. Also he is as clever as a dozen peas on a drum. The chief drawback to "This Year of Grace" indeed is the opposite to the ordinary one, in that the idea on occasions runs ahead of the realization. A skit on the Russian ballet, for instance, needs virtuosos as skilled as the original. The *bonne-bouche* of the evening is doubtless the attack on the horrors of the ordinary English seaside resort. The parody of Barrie is also as good as anything could be. Miss Maisie Gay is superb whenever she appears, while Miss Jessie Matthews has any amount of a rather exasperating "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" sort of IT. Miss Tilly Losch in the costumes of the seventies looks like all the Renoirs in the world rolled into one. The main chorus and the main *décor* alone are rather unenterprising and not up to the mark. But when all is said and done, "This Year of Grace" deserves most of the kind things that have been said of it.

The Everyman Theatre is producing an old melodrama, "The Dumb Man of Manchester," which is well worth seeing by all those in search of the curious. The central theme, that of a noble dumb man wrongly accused of a murder, and hence unable to defend himself is worthy of Edgar Wallace at his most ingenious. The dialogue was at times perfectly superb, and acted by the company with becoming gravity. The main melodrama is broken up with songs and *divertissements* in the manner of musical comedy. I am told on good authority that this is absolutely correct, and that the rehearsals were supervised by a survivor from an older day, who remembers performances of "The Dumb Man of Manchester." Still, I must confess that I found these interludes historically interesting than æsthetic-

ally satisfactory. They seemed to me rather wantonly to destroy the intensity of the tragic theme. Still, many will welcome the archæological exactitude. The modern *décor* was pretty and suitable and the performance is most engaging. The melodrama is preceded by a sardonical three-act interpretation of the rape of the Sabine Women, by Andreyer.

It is not difficult to pick holes in "The Stranger in the House," Messrs. Michael Morton and Peter Traill's play which Mr. Leon M. Lion has brought from Kew to Wyndham's Theatre. The characters are the stock characters of a thousand "social comedies"—the hard-headed business man from the North; his pleasure-bound, latch-keyed children, the son refusing to go into the business, the daughter marrying a title; his wife, the "stranger" of the title, whom nobody ever bothers to consult about anything, and the breezy cousin with whom she had refused to run away fifteen years before for her ungrateful family's sake. The plot follows the lines one would expect from the characters, and the conclusion is foregone. Nevertheless, the play is immeasurably superior to its thousand counterparts, and, granted the lack of originality of its theme, not many planes below "The Silver Cord," though it does not probe so deep as that harrowing work. Its construction is perfect. The emotional tension is adroitly built up, evenly maintained, and released precisely as and when it should be released. The dialogue is natural, dramatic, and in character. And, with the possible exception of the father's breakdown at the end, there are no false values. It was interesting to see Miss Sybil Thorndike in an unspectacular part (the wife), and I imply no slight to her or to the authors in saying that she sank to the occasion. Her love scene with Mr. Hannen in the second act was so poignantly done as to make one feel embarrassed at witnessing it.

The programme of the Film Society on April 1st included a German film made by the firm of "Ufa," produced by F. W. Murnau, entitled "Tartuffe." It is a modern story of an old miser and his wicked housekeeper, the "she-Tartuffe," who schemes to make him dispossess his grandson and leave all his fortune to her. The grandson outwits her by disguising himself as a travelling film-showman and giving a performance in his grandfather's house of a film version of the Molière story, acted by Emil Jannings, Lil Dagover, Werner Krauss, and Luise Höflich. The photography, settings, and acting of the film are excellent; its only fault is that it is rather too long-drawn-out in places. Herr Jannings, with one eye half-closed, is superb as Tartuffe. Several short films were also shown—a very unconvincing ghost story of extraordinary dullness called "The Phantom Gambler"; the "Pathetic Gazette," a burlesque news film made by Mr. Adrian Brunel, in which the humour is of a very elementary kind; "Kid's Auto Races," Mr. Charlie Chaplin's first film, made, apparently, *ex tempore*, and without story or scenario, and interesting historically; and "Ben Hur." The latter is one of the first films ever made (it was made in America in 1907), and it is interesting to see how dull a film can be when made with a purely stage technique (and not a very good stage technique at that).

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, April 14th.—

Flonzaley Quartet, Chamber Concert, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Godowsky, Recital, Queen's Hall, 3.

Sunday, April 15th.—

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe on "Fresh News from America,"
South Place, 11.

"Easter," at the Arts Theatre.

Monday, April 16th.—

Gwen Jackson, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, April 19th.—

Harold Dahlquist, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
Mr. Roy Campbell reading his poem, "The Flaming Terrapin," Poetry Bookshop, 6.

"Tannhauser," at the Old Vic, 7.45.

"The Tragical Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmark," Rudolf Steiner Hall (April 19th, 23rd, 28th).

"Bird-in-Hand," by Mr. John Drinkwater, at the
Royalty.

"Love in a Village," by Bickerstaffe, Lyric, Hammer-
smith.

Friday, April 20th.—

Professor Donald Tovey, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall.
OMICRON.

THE SONG OF THE OAKS

(An old Breton song freely translated through the French
of Anatole le Braz.)

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We are the oaks; to the firmament's brink
Comely in green we have climbed, that the sun
May warm the rude tides through our branches that run,
The blood of our health that we lustily drink
From the wide open sky.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We have bled through the wounds that, in many a fight,
The mad winds have dealt us with enmity shrill,
But never could force us to bow to their will:
Our hearts are unshaken, our carriage upright;
We hold our heads high.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We stand as we stood: the tempests have passed;
The wrath of the winds is the thing of a day,
The strength of the oaks endureth for aye
Unfearful, unhating we've grown and hold fast
And will till we die.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We have loved, we have suffered: Oh! great Mother Earth
Whose prodigal womb is the fount of our strength,
To whom must return all thy children at length,
In thy lap our ripe seeds, now awaiting rebirth,
Expectantly lie.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

We are old; the white winter a shimmering fleece
Of snow on our age-blackened branches has laid;
We are willing to live, but of death unafraid;
Our spirits are charged with the splendorous peace
Of an evening sky.

Let the song of the oaks be your child's lullaby.

MORYS GASCOYEN.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE ATHENÆUM, APRIL 11TH, 1828.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

NO. XII.—LORD BYRON.

No one, probably, will be inclined to maintain that Lord Byron's poetry produces a good moral effect, except those who are anxious to spread the disbelief of the goodness of God, and to bring about the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. With such persons we have at present no quarrel. They are welcome to their opinions, so far as we are concerned; and we can only lament, for their own sakes, that they should think and feel as they do. To those who, without going so far as these, yet deny that his writings have a bad moral influence, we will give up the advantage to be derived from pressing the two above-mentioned points, and put the question on other grounds: and we wish to state distinctly that we think, in the first place, Lord Byron (as seen in his writings) had no sympathy with human nature, and no belief in its goodness; and, secondly, that he had no love of truth. These are grave charges; and, as least, as grave in our eyes as in those of any of our readers. But we are convinced of the justice of them; and no fear of being classed with the bigots, of being called Churchmen rather than Christians, and believers in articles, more than believers in God, shall prevent us from expressing and enforcing our conviction.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304-5.)
Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Wed. and Fri., at 2.30.

"THARK."

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS. (Ger. 4460.) EVGS., 8.40. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.

OWEN NARES in "TWO WHITE ARMS."

By HAROLD DEARDEN. LEON M. LION'S PRODUCTION.

COURT (Slone 5137). "HAROLD."

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

FOR THREE WEEKS ONLY.

EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

CRITERION. (Ger. 3844.) At 8.30. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30.

"QUEST."

HEATHER THATCHER. HUGH WAKEFIELD.

"THE PLAY OF 374 LAUGHS."—Daily Mail.

DUKE OF YORK'S. EVENINGS, 8.40. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.

"THUNDER IN THE AIR."

A New Play by ROBINS MILLAR.

VIOLET VANBRUGH. J. FISHER WHITE. HILDA BAYLEY.

FORTUNE THEATRE. Regent 1307. NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

MATINEES, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS. RONALD SQUIRE.

GAITY. (Ger. 2780.) EVGS., 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.15.

12th Month. RUSSELL JANNEY'S Musical Triumph.

"THE VAGABOND KING."

GARRICK. (Ger. 9513.) NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE.

in Repertoire.

GATE THEATRE STUDIO, 16a, Villiers Street. "ORPHEE."

By JEAN COCTEAU. Commencing April 11th. NIGHTLY, at 9.

Annual Subscription, 5s. 6d. Apply Secretary. Chancery 7243.

GLOBE THEATRE. Gerrard 8724.

NIGHTLY, at 8.40. MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.

"SQUARE CROOKS." A Comedy, by James P. Judge.

HIPPODROME, London. Gerrard 0650.

EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WEDS., THURS. & SATS., at 2.30.

"HIT THE DECK."

IVY TRESMAND. ALICE MORLEY.

SYDNEY HOWARD. STANLEY HOLLOWAY.

KINGSWAY (Holb. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in

"MARICOLD."

LYRIC THEATRE, Hammersmith. Riverside 3012.

EVENINGS, at 8.15. MATINEE, SATURDAY, at 2.30.

(LAST WEEK.) "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA." (LAST WEEK.)

Thursday Next, April 19th, at 8, "LOVE IN A VILLAGE."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE BIRDS by ADOLF PAUL

NIGHTLY AT 8.30.
SUNDAY EVENING
PERFORMANCES.

PLAYROOM SIX
6, NEW COMPTON STREET, W.C.2

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NO MONDAY
PERFORMANCES.

REGENT - - 3988

THEATRES.

PRINCE OF WALES. Gerrard 7482. EVGS., 8.30. WED. & THURS., 2.30.

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES."

By Anita Loos and John Emerson.

PRINCES. **GEORGE ROBEY** in "BITS AND PIECES."

MARIE BLANCHE.

EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

ROYALTY (Ger. 2690.) WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 8.30.

BARRY JACKSON presents

"BIRD-IN-HAND."

A Comedy by JOHN DRINKWATER.

FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY, April 21st, at 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Ger. 3416.) **FAY COMPTON.**

"OTHER MEN'S WIVES." By Walter Hackett.

Evenings, at 8.30. Matinees, Tuesday and Friday, at 2.30.

SAVOY. Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Mon., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

"YOUNG WOODLEY."

FRANK LAWTON. FRANCES DOBLE.

SHAFTESBURY. (Gerr. 6666.) Nightly, at 8.30. Mats., Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Malone and Clifford Whitley present

"WILL O' THE WHISPERS."

With Jack Smith, the Whispering Baritone, and Billy Bennett.

WYNDHAM'S (Reg. 3028.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.

"THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE."

SYBIL THORNDIKE. NICHOLAS HANNEN.

Also 5 Special Mats., Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL in "GHOSTS."

April 13, 16, 17, 19, and 20.

CINEMAS.

PHILHARMONIC HALL. Gt. Portland Street. (Mayfair 0606.)

"THE KING OF KINGS."

DAILY, at 2.30, 6.0, and 8.30. (Sunday, at 6.0 and 8.30.)

Prices (inc. Tax): 5/9, 3/6 (reserved), 2/4, 1/2 (unreserved).

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway. (Holborn 3703.)

DAIY, 2 to 10.45. (SUNDAYS, 6 to 10.30.)

April 16th, 17th & 18th. RONALD COLMAN and Vilma Banky in "THE MAGIC FLAME"; Warner Baxter in Zane Grey's "DRUMS OF THE DESERT," etc.

April 19th, 20th & 21st. Bert Lytell in "ALIAS THE LONE WOLF"; Johnny Harron in "CLOSED GATES"; also CHARTON'S MARIONETTES.

OFFER TO NEW READERS

Any reader who makes his first acquaintance with this journal with this week's issue is invited to fill up the attached:

To Publisher, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM,
38, Great James Street, Bedford Row,
London, W.C.1.

In order to test the value of your publication I should like you to forward this to me by post for the next four weeks. If I then decide to become a subscriber, it is understood that there will be no charge for the copies thus received, but otherwise I shall be willing to pay 2s. to cover their cost and postage.

Name

Address

REVIEWS

BARRIE

Barrie: a Critical Estimate. By THOMAS MOULT. (Cape. 5s.)

It may be remembered that at a famous session of Thrums Parliament a mysterious card, inscribed "With Mr. and Mrs. David Alexander's compliments," and introducing the picture of David's bride, was passed round the pig-sty. This was greeted with some highly non-committal noises in Scots, until Tammas Haggart was appealed to. "I ken," he said, and, being pressed to deliver, he replied, "I dinna say it's lyin' on my tongue, but if ye'll juist speak awa' about some other thing for a meenute or twa I'll tell ye syne." Mr. Moul, faced with the portrait of a more celebrated lady, makes as brave a promise as Tammas, but does not keep it. Pictures of Sir J. M. Barrie's muse (with or without the author's compliments) have been before the parliament of critics for years, but if anyone has said, "I ken," what he has kenned has not been put on record. When, therefore, Mr. Moul, breaking the dangerous silence, says, "I ken and I'll tell," our highest expectations are aroused. I for one hoped that I should now learn why, although I always go to a Barrie play determined to let nothing obscure my lesson in stagecraft, I always emerge fuddled with emotion, critical wits routed, heart where head should be, happily soused under alternate taps of humour and pathos. If Mr. Moul could tell me that, I might be able to escape the next day's obscure humiliation, when, with the text before me, nothing seems wholly admirable but the stage directions, and head chides heart with, "Dolt, you've been fooled again." I even hoped, since estimates were mentioned, that one might be made of the distance between Never-Never Land and Kensington Gardens.

These difficulties, private and puerile as they may be, are, I suspect, everyone's difficulties, even the difficulties of those select and blasphemous few who are sometimes to be heard remarking that if Barrie raises a lump in the throat, it is a symptom of the vomit. The whole problem, as Mr. Moul treats it, is, in fact, a little sickly, as may be felt in the words—magic, whimsy, wizard, sweet, elfin, pathetic—which inevitably describe it. Yet these adjectives are just, for if anyone has wrought magic in the theatre Barrie has. In half a dozen plays he weaves, out of undistinguished yarn, a rainbow fabric which wrings our hearts and transports us, but begins to collapse as soon as we reach the cold side of "Exit." How does he cast this spell? What is its nature? Is he really only a charming pickpocket of the emotions, a gentle humorist who has profitably observed that if there is one thing which the common playgoer loves more than a good laugh it is to have a good cry at the same time?

Well, if Mr. Moul knows the answers to these questions he has not divulged them in a reasoned argument. Declining from Tammas Taggart's canny performance, he "speaks awa' about some other thing for a meenute or twa," the minutes stretch out to the length of a pleasant but rather trivial book, and the end comes before Mr. Moul has begun to "tell us syne." When one considers the astonishing career of Barrie's muse, it is not very surprising that Mr. Moul has failed to get her into critical focus. This lady, it seems, was born of a minister and of a daughter of an Auld Licht. She was a motherly lass, a granite repository of the tender virtues, moving sweetly about the Scotch domestic hearth. It has been said that she ought to have stayed there. But she came South, and the English and the elves got her. In middle age she removed from Fleet Street to an even more unlikely abode for a lady of her origin. Almost as soon as she took up with the play actors she became their queen. Growing ever younger as her granite outlines dissolve in rainbow mists, she stands with one foot in suburbia and the other in elfland, her boyish head is full of adorable jokes, and her eyes are full of adorable tears. Mr. Moul gives the details of this fantastic tale, with a pleasant wealth of anecdote and many statistics about prices, copies sold, and nights run. He is specially interested in the Fleet Street days (there is some good criticism of the early novels); and he often exclaims at the lady's superb vitality ("Peter Pan was so wonderfully

successful in London that Barrie has created a world's record through it, a record that Shakespeare himself has not challenged"). As for her prospects of immortality, Barrie is:—

"destined to help the world discover afresh the vital unalterable truth made manifest in their several ways by Burns and Scott and Stevenson, that in art, as in religion, men seek first for the things that actual life cannot give them. . . . His literary offering has not been the customary mess of unromantic, actualistic pottage in artistic shape. He has not merely hinted instead at an existence in which the exquisite secret of happiness is revealed. He has folded back the curtain. And because this existence is to be discovered in the borderland of wonder and eeriness, the art in which he gives rainbow-coloured revelations of it may be termed realistic as opposed to actualistic, and classified as the art of true romance."

This passage, which is followed by a reference to Shakespeare's "yellow sands" and "The Ancient Mariner," introduces Mr. Moul's theme. I do not know quite what it means, and every statement in it requires critical support. But at least it gives the author's line. Barrie is to be exhibited a romantic poet of the theatre, an anti-Ibsen who, turning his back on "actual life," but with a mirror secreted upon his person, beckons inconsequently: "Let's play." Well, it is possible that a deliberately severe analysis of (for instance) the first act of "What Every Woman Knows," the second act of "Dear Brutus," and the third act of "The Admirable Crichton" might make sense of Mr. Moul's contention. But he does not attempt this. We plunge straight into delightful stories of Barrie's school days, and when we have climbed with him to the eminence of a record-breaking dramatist, there is only space for a rather perfunctory description of the later plays. Not only does this lack of proportion leave Mr. Moul's controversial statements without much stronger support than his admiration provides, but it leads him to pass over too lightly two topics which are as important as they are uncontroversial. Barrie may or may not be a romantic poet of escape. But his prose at its best is unique for the April sharpness and clarity of its images; and in the economic manipulation of his stage he has no living master. Statistics of success are cheerful reading, but a study of the stagecraft which made the success would have been better.

BARRINGTON GATES.

VANBRUGH

The Complete Works of Sir John Vanbrugh. The Plays edited by BONAMY DOBRÉE, the Letters edited by GEOFFREY WEBB. Four volumes. (Nonesuch Press. £3 3s.)

THE bulky volumes of thick paper in which the directors of the Nonesuch Press choose to issue their editions of standard authors may seem to many of us an irritating anachronism. We may sigh for the convenient and unpretentious sort of book produced at the end of the eighteenth century and by the Oxford Press to-day. But we must be grateful for the enterprise which gives us, in whatever form, so scholarly an edition as this of Vanbrugh. Mr. Dobrée and Mr. Webb are both agreeably erudite. And Mr. Dobrée shows as great a knowledge of horses as he does of old plays. One mistake he does make. He follows his predecessor Ward in explaining "chartré" as "mis en chartre," put in gaol. But no such word exists in French, so that it seems likely that it is a misspelling of "châtré." The reference to the Seraglio in Lord Foppington's letter makes, I think, this emendation certain. Mr. Webb's task has been made more difficult by the refusal of the Duke of Marlborough to give him access to the Blenheim papers. "His Grace," we are told, "not only refused his permission, but declared, with doubtful historical sense, that Blenheim was the private house of a private English gentleman, and went on to express a wish that there might be no discussion of the House or its building history either in the newspapers or in book form." From the owner of any historic mansion such a refusal would be ungracious: coming from the inheritor of a house built out of public moneys, it appears to deserve a stronger epithet. The great Atossa may not be an ancestress to be proud of, but it is too late now to hush the matter up.

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Vanbrugh does not appear to have been a very interesting character. His letters are for the most part dull except as documents for the reconstruction of his long struggle with the Duchess. The liveliest, those addressed to Tonson, express little save good humour. Vanbrugh seems just such a man as this country has always produced in hundreds and still produces to-day, honourable, exact in the execution of duties, fond of jokes, wine, women, and the country, obliging, sensible, and rather unimaginative. Make such a man a capable dramatist and he might well write "The Relapse" and "The Provoked Wife." But make him an architect; how could he produce Castle Howard and Blenheim? If we did not know their history, we should father these fantastic piles upon some freakish genius, living in a world of dreams, and trying to bring to earth a castle in the air. Somewhere deep in this hearty Englishman there was a most romantic imagination. Apart from his architecture, there are no signs of it. Lord Foppington is a fine humour, larger than life; Miss Hoyden is worthy of Wycherley, Lady Brute sometimes of Congreve, but never of Congreve at his best. The dialogue is brisk but never delicate, nor does the situation ever hover dangerously over the edge of tragedy, as happens in almost all of the greatest comedies. Vanbrugh is absurdly *simplicite* in his Mohock view of life. Men are Don Juans who have only to attain a woman to tire of her; women are cold creatures who only surrender out of interest, vanity, or spite.

As an architect Vanbrugh is less easy to place. Even the learned Mr. Webb cannot determine what was Vanbrugh's part, and what Wren's or Hawksmoor's, in various important works; and our criticisms of Blenheim and Castle Howard as we see them to-day needs to be corrected by an examination of Vanbrugh's plans for them. There remains the difficulty that architecture, being a plastic art, is less susceptible than the drama to reasoned discussion, and judgments upon it depend more on individual taste. I believe that Vanbrugh was a great architect, probably the greatest that this country has produced except Jones and Wren. Compare Blenheim with Versailles or the palaces of Central Europe, and Vanbrugh's true stature becomes apparent. He is extremely original, and where he fails it is from over-audacity. A Mansart or a Neumann might be content to din into the spectator's imagination the importance of a building by the continual repetition of the same motive; Vanbrugh sought to achieve a stupendous and harmonious whole by orchestrating the greatest variety of parts. It is tempting to suggest that his plays are remarkable for their architecture, his buildings for their dramatic quality. The second part of the suggestion, at any rate, is true. Both as playwright and architect Vanbrugh remained a brilliant amateur, uncertain of his effects. But we know the names of very few good romantic architects. That of Vanbrugh stands high among them.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

PAST AND PRESENT

Movements in Modern English Poetry and Prose. By SHERARD VINES. With an Introductory Note by G. S. GORDON, Merton Professor of English Literature, Oxford. (Humphrey Milford. 7s. 6d.)

English Literature. By MARGARITA WIDDOWS. The Simple Guide Series. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

It is difficult to give an idea of contemporary movements in literature; it is almost impossible to form any true judgment of them. For we can judge only what is completed, or what is sufficiently advanced to show the end towards which it is moving. When a critic writes of a movement which is only in its beginnings, there are three positions open to him: he may identify himself with it, he may dislike it, or it may have no important significance for him at all. He will either be a partisan, then, or take such a half-hearted interest that his survey will have no value. He will not write criticism, in any case; he will, if he is in earnest, write about the need for criticism, and, if he is not, puff his colleagues with a pure conscience.

It is a natural wish, on the other hand, to come to some conclusion about the literary movements of one's time;

indeed, it is necessary if one thinks of them at all. But it is equally necessary to admit to oneself that the conclusion will be biased; that our desires will have led us to it, and not our judgment merely. Mr. Vines in his interesting volume is biased, as he was bound to be; he is in favour of the school of criticism which exalts Reason and is represented chiefly by THE MONTHLY CRITERION. But one cannot help wishing that his bias had been more frank. Where the critic cannot judge he should be quite openly an advocate; for then his principles, though controversial, will at least lead him to conclusions which can be disputed. Mr. Vines somewhat obscures his conclusions by trying to be fair while remaining partisan; and the interest of the volume lies in his criticisms of individual writers, generally acute and almost always amusing, rather than in his evaluation of the various classes in contemporary literature.

As a survey the volume is admirable, however; exhaustive without ever being dull; and as orderly as it could be in the absence of a clear-cut principle of judgment. To one or two writers, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Graves in particular, Mr. Vines is certainly unfair; and one sees, without surprise indeed, how much governed by his likes and dislikes a writer may be who commends Mr. Herbert Read's aim to raise criticism "above the vague level of emotional appreciation through the incorporation of scientific elements." Yet though Mr. Vines has not incorporated those elements in his criticism, though that is an aim which wins no more than his approval, he is for the most part so fair that the two instances I have quoted are all the more glaring. Apart from this, his survey is so full, so suggestive, and so well written that it should be read by every student of present-day literature. It is probably the best of its kind that has yet appeared.

But to return to the first point; from a writer of Mr. Vines's talents one might have expected something more than a mere survey. The truth seems to be that he is not a quite convinced adherent of the theories of Mr. Eliot, Mr. Read, and Mr. Richards; and that, on the other hand, he has no salient theory of his own. It is a pity, for if he had had a theory he might have been able to subject the CRITERION school of criticism to the test which it most needs at present: a friendly but rigorous examination. So far Mr. Eliot and his collaborators have either received undivided allegiance or encountered unconditional opposition. This being so, the support of Reason has become of more immediate consequence to them than the use of reason, by which alone Reason can, of course, be effectively supported; and they are in much the same position as their most notable opponent, Mr. Middleton Murry, who wishes a new synthesis to appear, as they wish Reason to prevail, but whose wish, as theirs, achieves nothing. The controversy, doomed from the beginning to be profitless, began vaguely enough on the literary plane as a contest between Classicism and Romanticism; but presently it became general, and now it is concerned with nothing less than the claims, rival claims apparently, of intuition and intelligence. Such a strange state of affairs could only be brought about by partisanship; by holding the support of something to be more important than its practical advancement. It is the same fallacy which permits Mr. Lewis to thunder with a great deal of sincere moral indignation against Professor Whitehead, who actually serves the Reason, for not giving it such ardent lip-service as Mr. Lewis does. Mr. Eliot and Mr. Read have written valuable criticism; but it is a pity that they have wasted so much time latterly in rendering homage to Reason which does not serve it in any way. The sham conflict between intelligence and intuition has arisen simply because Mr. Eliot's ideas have found support and opposition, but no criticism.

It is difficult to make a short history of English literature interesting; so much must be left unsaid that it does not seem worth while to say anything. Miss Widdows should have our sympathy, perhaps, rather than blame. But was it really necessary to write with such extreme colourlessness as she has done? An introduction to English literature should have the power of arousing the reader's enthusiasm; Stopford Brooke seems to have done it; one is afraid that Miss Widdows has not. She is clear and concise, however.

EDWIN MUIR.

"THE SCARCE-BEARDED CÆSAR"

The Architect of the Roman Empire. By T. RICE HOLMES.
(Oxford University Press. 15s.)

DR. RICE HOLMES's latest book deals with the seventeen years between March 15th, 44, the date of Julius Cæsar's assassination, and January 1st, 27, the day when the Roman Principate glided silently and unostentatiously into being. It is one of those periods in which the facts are comparatively clear, but their motives and causes are sunk in obscurity, and provide an inexhaustible field for critical exposition. No doubt this obscurity is intrinsic to the situation; anyone reading Cicero's letters and speeches will see how Cæsar's murder left a world in which everything was incalculable, in which no one (least of all Cicero) could be sure what would happen or what he desired to happen, and the prospective saviour of the Republic one week might next week have to be denounced as the most dangerous of monarchists. There is an atmosphere of hysteria in the Roman world of the time which makes any assured analysis of motives and causes in regard to it almost impossible. The period is famous for the story of Antony's renunciatory passion for Cleopatra, and the immense notoriety of that passion was due to the fact that it was so entirely at variance with all accepted Roman standards of normal behaviour; only at a time when the canker of insecurity pervaded the state could such a renunciation for the sake of a woman have seemed even conceivable to a Roman. Titus, a much weaker man than Antony, deserted Berenice without a second thought when it was explained to him how impolitic it was to keep her. Nowadays, of course, when every second novel we read is based on the sentiment "the world well lost for love," Antony's story seems ridiculously trite, but then part of the price we have to pay for fiction is the degradation of the great romances of history into the commonplace.

The one stable factor in this instable period is the character and career of Augustus (Octavian). The more one reads the history of his times the more amazing does his achievement seem. That this young man, not yet nineteen when Cæsar was killed, barely thirty-five at the date of the settlement in 27, a constant invalid, without any of the talents of a military leader, should have succeeded where all the great military geniuses of Rome had failed disastrously, and formed out of the ruins of the Republic a political system that lasted for centuries, is a fact quite unparalleled in history. It is interesting to speculate on the secondary causes of his success, but it is clear that it was in the main due to his own qualities, and especially to the quality which is appreciated much more to-day than formerly, his ruthlessly realistic intellect. From the achievement of Augustus all Western civilization is derived, and it is his career that chiefly interests a modern reader in the period covered by this book.

From the title chosen by Dr. Holmes it would be supposed that he was concerned chiefly with a study of Augustus and his extraordinary story. In a way it is disappointing to find that this is not so, and that Dr. Holmes's book is a straightforward account of the last years before the Principate, with no especial emphasis on the career of Augustus. It seems that Dr. Holmes intended originally to include the Principate of Augustus in his history, and we may gather that there is still hope of such a book being written, in which the Architect himself will receive fuller treatment. In the meantime, we must be content with what we have, an historical narrative whose only recommendation need be that it worthily continues the author's "Roman Republic." Dr. Holmes uses that most difficult narrative form, the one which employs extensive detail while avoiding the discursive argument that most writers require to make detail interesting, and he uses it very well. These discussions that are not allowed to interrupt the narrative are contained in critical appendices, and many of them (particularly those in which the author is girding at Ferrero) are brilliant, if not always convincing. It can hardly be supposed, for instance, that Dr. Holmes will succeed at this time of day in rehabilitating the doctrine that the title *princeps* meant *princeps senatus*, but he does his best. The regret that there is not more about Augustus remains, but, after all, once we have the history we can supply the panegyric ourselves.

A. W. BRAITHEWAITE.

LITERARY BORROWINGS

Shakespeare, Jonson, and Wilkins as Borrowers. A Study in Elizabethan Dramatic Origins and Imitations. By PERCY ALLEN. (Palmer. 7s. 6d.)

"THAT I have carried all my readers with me, all the way, and in every conclusion and inference, is scarcely to be hoped," says Mr. Allen, "but that criticism will destroy my proofs of Jonson's borrowings, I do not, for one instant, suppose." This is modest and reasonable, for although it is sometimes difficult to agree with him, his case, generally sound in itself, is clearly and scrupulously put.

He devotes his first three chapters to a discussion of Shakespearean borrowings. He maintains that Shakespeare drew the main plot of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" from "Titus Andronicus," and the clown episodes from "Love's Labour's Lost." He also endeavours to show that the Silvius-Phoebe-Rosalind scenes of "As You Like It," which constitute a secondary plot in that play, have contributed ideas for the Orsino-Olivia-Viola theme, which forms the main plot of "Twelfth Night." "Arden of Feversham" appears to him to have been utilized for "Henry IV." and "Macbeth"; and "Macbeth," based historically on Holinshed, he believes to be another version of "Arden of Feversham," lifted from the sphere of domestic to that of royal tragedy. In this, Mr. Allen's reasoning and proofs are usually convincing. Besides, on the face of it, what is more likely than that an author, of some thirty-six plays, who rarely invented a plot, should have made use, in his maturity, of what he had written, pregnant but undeveloped, in his youth?

It is when Mr. Allen comes to his main point, that Jonson is indebted to Shakespeare to a great extent for "Every Man Out Of His Humour," "Sejanus," and "Epicoene," that his speculations become more interesting. He examines thoroughly the similarities in theme, words, ideas, and rhythms between "Twelfth Night," on the one hand, and "Every Man Out Of His Humour" and "Epicoene," on the

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Third Impression

JONATHAN CAPE LONDON

other. Except in one or two instances, his comparisons are obvious; but his conclusions are less obvious. For example, having entirely proved the connection between "Twelfth Night" and "Every Man Out Of His Humour" (a connection perceived in varying degrees by critics at least as far back as Gifford), he does not definitely establish the date of "Twelfth Night" before 1599, when Jonson's play was performed. The accepted date for "Twelfth Night" is 1600-1. Certainly Gifford's characteristic note on the subject in his edition of Jonson is wrong in fact and spirit. Mitis's sketch of a romantic comedy is quite in the Shakespearean vein, and Jonson must have seen "Twelfth Night" long before 1613; but Gifford is not as wrong as Mr. Allen implies.

Mr. Allen does not do Jonson full justice. Jonson is not made to appear a slavish imitator, and is given the due of his saturnine originality, but he has more imagination than Mr. Allen would allow him, and he is ironic rather than disingenuous. Besides, Jonson is not a realist, but a satirist.

"Pericles" is assigned to George Wilkins.

A GOOD TRAVELLER

Spain from the South. By J. B. TREND. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

"THERE are two kinds of travellers," Mr. Trend remarks in the course of this book, "the one who has the guide in his head, and the other who has his head in the guide." The author, being one who carries not only the guide but history in his head, has more than one reason for ending his Spanish journey no further north than Toledo. Besides marking the reasonable limits of a first visit, it is also the meeting place of Muslim and Christian culture; and Mr. Trend, who knows the country with a thoroughness that is not confined to geographical features, realizes and stresses the importance of the Moorish element as an integral factor of what we now call Spain. In following, roughly, the path of Moorish invasion from the south, he is at once traveller and historian, uniting the two functions in such a way that each illuminates the other with a glamour that is the more attractive because it is not the conventional surface glitter so easily cast, in descriptions, over an accepted spot.

Immoderate praise is apt to arouse suspicion in the independent mind. The days of naïve wonder being dead, we now have the curious habit of trusting most the traveller who decries—who is at least a trifle disillusioning and destructive. It is not enough—or rather, it is too much—to breathe the name of Seville and sigh your soul away. The ubiquitous Spanish exclamation, "It's pretty! It's precious! It's enchanting!" has but sharpened the critical faculty in Mr. Trend. "I have sometimes felt," he says, "that were it not for the fortunate coincidence that *Sevilla* rhymes with *maravilla*, a marvel, the reputation of Seville might be hard to justify." How sanely, rationally reassuring that is, in its indication that Mr. Trend, unlike many of the guide books, is not against us but with us! Yet, on top of it, as he adds, the "miracle" sometimes works; but it requires this hard ground of common sense from which to take off for its flights. For the miracle is usually less objective than the guide books allow. So again with the Alhambra. Théophile Gautier, who slept four nights in its moonlit courts, regretted that its splendours were but plaster. Mr. Trend sees in it sugar, that may melt. After this, it is the more readily believable that by night the Spanish trio of superlatives came true; that finally, in hot sunshine, you can read the Arabic poem inscribed around a fountain, even though part of it be worn away. "That is the secret of the Alhambra—and of the Moors in Spain."

It is in tune, too, with the author's comments, in a later chapter, on the philosophy contained in "Don Quixote." The "miracle" here has become entirely subjective, idealism or realism having each its separate truth. Where fact and reason insist on a mere windmill, faith perceives a giant; gaining in vision what the other gains in worldly sense and laughter. In the company of Mr. Trend we are cast often for the part of Sancho Panza, sometimes for Don Quixote; and his skill is such that equal pleasure can be found in either rôle.

SYLVA NORMAN.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL.

The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy. By GAETANO SALVEMINI. Vol. I. (Cape. 15s.)

SOME four years ago Signor Luigi Villari published, in "The Awakening of Italy," a glowing account of the rescue of his country from decadence and revolution and its regeneration by the principles of Fascismo. This was followed in 1926 by "The Fascist Experiment," in which he drove home his point on the strength of two more years of Fascist rule. By this time Signor Mussolini had weathered the most critical moment in his career, and his power seemed to be established beyond the possibility of overthrow. But what is this experiment of his? Not in government; tyranny has been tried before, and the conditions requisite for success are well-established. There is nothing new in Fascist methods except the castor-oil. Not in political theory, despite the many expositions of Fascist philosophy or even "mysticism," with its ideal of sacrifice in the interests of the State. If Fascismo needs a philosophic basis, the theory of progress through suffering would make a better one.

Professor Salvemini's book is an answer to Signor Villari and his fellow-optimists. In a studiously temperate account, with only a few flickers of indignation and one or two telling pieces of irony (such as the photograph on page 298), he tears down, piece by piece, the façade of romance which Mussolini, journalist before everything, has built up over the facts of his career. The Saviour of his Country vanishes before the relentless statistics of Italy's progress towards recovery in the years before the March on Rome. One might suspect Professor Salvemini of bias in taking from Mussolini even the credit for that reconstruction which up till now Liberals have felt bound in fairness to ascribe to him. But his argument is supported by no lack of significant figures, and by contemporary reports on the economic condition of the country. Italy had already turned the corner of the post-war disorganization before Mussolini "marched on Rome in a sleeping-car." Bolshevism, which Mussolini, at that time still a Socialist, had looked upon with a benevolent eye when it seemed to be gaining ground, had died of itself after the futile attempt of the workmen to occupy the factories.

So there was no end to justify the disastrous means. The grave peril to the State has disappeared, and nothing is left but a dictator raised to power by good luck and the incapacity of his opponents, at the head of a movement from which he had resigned in protest a few months before he became its leader.

Next another idol must be demolished: the image of the Duce preserving with a firm hand that order which he came to establish, even at the cost of punishing his own supporters for acts of misguided enthusiasm. Professor Salvemini makes short work of this, on the evidence of Mussolini's own speeches and orders. Fascist "reprisals" are not only condoned but approved, and frequently even ordered; but always so that the Duce can disavow them if necessary, for his whole system rests on bluff, and no one is as ready as he to climb down when his bluff is called. He climbed down at Corfu, before he was allowed to climb up again by the backstair; and the alacrity and profusion of his apologies in the Ricciotti Garibaldi affair is almost comic.

Perhaps the most valuable part of Professor Salvemini's book is his account of the Matteotti murder and the events which followed it, as they came out at the trial. The trial itself is the supreme travesty of justice even under Fascist administration, but the evidence is there, and is amply sufficient to prove the complicity of Mussolini. The feeling which the murder aroused shook his power as nothing else has done; and it is in his criticism of the King and the Opposition for failing to seize their opportunity that Professor Salvemini allows himself his one moment of bitterness.

By their action Italy was betrayed a second time. Now Mussolini's lot is cast irrevocably with the forces of reaction. The way of liberty was still open before; though no tyrant yet has ever taken it, and one would not expect to find him the enlightened exception. Italy is at the mercy of a band of ruffians, justice a lie, freedom of speech annihilated, and human life no safer than in the Dark Ages.

"But Italians can't govern themselves!" "But the

trains run up to time!" It is tragic that outside Italy the legend is still so widely accepted and the chorus of hero-worshippers so vociferous.

THE PROBLEM OF MINORITIES

The Protection of Minorities. By L. P. MAIR. With an Introduction by PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY. (Christophers. 8s. 6d.)

THE recent peace settlement has left in Europe some thirty million people to live as minorities within the new "self-determined" national boundaries. That result apparently brought a blush to the weathered cheeks of the men who made the peace, for they tried to atone for it by creating means for the protection of those minorities "which go far beyond anything that had been asked before of an independent State." This Miss Mair points out in the first part of her book, which deals with the history and theory of the Minorities Treaties. Such an imposition was unlikely to go through without protest and opposition from the States upon whom it was imposed; and the unfortunate thing is that it resembles an imposition more within the dictatorial habits of the old Concert of Europe than within the mutual system of the new League of Nations, because it was the Great Powers who imposed it and the smaller States alone upon whom it was imposed. Miss Mair when embarking on her study apparently took a vow to be a faithful chronicler and never to speak ill of her fellow-men, even if they be members of the Council. Professor Murray, however, makes up for this in his Introduction, and what he says on this point exposes the central weakness of the Minorities system. "But the whole principle of exempting the Great Powers is indefensible. As it is, the new nations do not accept the minority clauses as part of the natural duties of a civilized State, but resent them as a limitation of their independence" (p. vii.).

It was, perhaps, inevitable, in such circumstances, that the Council should move timidly, and even draw back a little, in matters of procedure. Originally, petitions from minorities were circulated to all the members of the League. At the demand of Poland and Czechoslovakia this was restricted, in 1923, to members of the Council, though any member might ask to see the papers. "Even so the salutary influence of publicity has been seriously reduced. Under the present system nobody outside the Council knows so much as the number of petitions that have been received, far less their source and content" (p. 68). At present "there is no means of judging whether the absence of published proceedings means that all is going well, or that what trouble there is is proving amenable to treatment less drastic than a full-dress Council meeting" (p. 75). Some answer to this query may be garnered from the second part of this book. Miss Mair gives in it a clear and reliable summary of the minorities cases which have come before the Council of the League. Most of these seem to have been disputes between two Governments, and very few indeed between minorities and their own Governments; it would seem, in fact, that the interest taken by the Council in a particular minorities problem has been inversely proportional to the attention paid to it by the Press. What is the remedy? Most critics reason that as the council's function is one of control, if the results are not all that one desires, the obvious remedy is to tighten that control. Professor Murray points to another side of the problem when he says that "the only permanent solution of the Minority problem is for the various races and creeds to live together in unity" (p. viii.). Is not the whole system devoted to the essay of transforming the problem from one of self-government into one of good government? Yet the League may take no formal notice of a dispute until there is an infraction or danger of infraction of a Minorities Treaty. All the machinery provided is adapted for the judicial stage, and nothing so far has been initiated for inducing the two parties to discuss and, if possible, to compute their differences before they finally decide that there is nothing for it but to appeal to the international forum.

Whether the one or the other is the more hopeful line of progress is open to argument, but at least such discussion can be conducted more practically now with the help of Miss Mair's book. Her summaries are a valuable guide to the maze of documents in which each case is embedded.

ASPECTS OF OLIVER CROMWELL

Oliver Cromwell. By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

So much has already been written about Cromwell, explains Mr. Stirling Taylor, that "this Puritan hero is almost buried beneath the enormous mass of the details of the general history of that heavily documented period." He attempts, therefore, to aid the baffled reader by providing "a portrait that will go within the limits of a single canvas." He admits frankly that he has no new information to offer, and that his facts are all "drawn from the accepted sources which are the basis of all histories of the period"; the merits of his work, accordingly, must be sought in the efficiency with which it presents those known facts concisely and clearly, and in the degree to which the completed portrait stands out as coherent and convincing. The first of these two tests Mr. Taylor passes well enough; we do not think that the same can be said of the second.

The difficulties may be granted. It is not untrue to declare Cromwell at first glance "a preposterous collection of mental and physical qualities that will scarcely fit together and make a living figure." Nevertheless, the biographer, by the simple fact of his undertaking his task, permits the assumption that he has overcome the difficulties and perceived the unity which necessarily must be there. This, however, is what Mr. Taylor has not done, primarily because he seems to have been never able to make up his mind as to his subject's religious and political sincerity. In the first half of the book Cromwell appears as a man of "genuine democratic fervour," with "an elemental sense of human justice between man and man," whose "public life is, first and foremost, a magnificent display of social energy," a hero "built on the grand scale." In the latter half he becomes little better than a megalomaniac, like Cæsar refusing again and again the proffered crown he longed to accept, demanding petty deferences, and claiming in his letters to be the direct mouthpiece of God. At one point he is the mere dupe of cleverer men, at another the craftiest of intriguers. In one place he is "honest and unselfish"—a few pages, and he has "no principles whatsoever"! He is "the cleverest manipulator of men" in England, yet he is never able to get anything "except by force." Mr. Taylor presents evidence for all these statements, but that he is satisfied to leave them at that proves only that he has not fathomed the true nature of Cromwell. We would not suspect him of enjoying these contrasts, but he does make the most of them. Cromwell is no mere hypocrite—but he must be charged with hypocrisy. His mysticism (of the "superstitious Nonconformist Welshman") throws into relief his political guile. He must be depicted as a great man as prelude to proving him a little one.

Mr. Taylor was perhaps as incapable of pruning these extravagances as of restraining his occasional somewhat "smart" attempts to be epigrammatic. (To say of the Puritan merchants that "they did not know, as we know to-day, that it is almost as disastrous to win a war as to lose it," is pointless, for it was, then, by no means true.) Yet it would, one feels, have been much nearer to the truth, historical and psychological, to have shown Cromwell as neither hero nor schemer, genius nor fool, mystic nor hypocrite, but rather as what might be termed an honest opportunist, forced by the exigencies of his age to take power upon himself, seeing no great distance ahead and dealing with each situation as it arose to the best of his ability—a man with a certain rude forcefulness and a genius for handling troops both in and between battles, but possessing limited qualities of statesmanship and the lack of vision of a man of little intellect (undoubtedly he was primarily emotional) and less culture. He seldom had a precise plan, and acted often upon impulse—frequently to his later regret. He was a man of his times, and no more of a Christian in war than the Crusaders in Palestine or Lord Roberts in the Indian Mutiny. Towards the end he did possibly become ambitious—his ambition grew by what it fed on: power—but of his life as a whole he spoke the final truth when he said: "No one rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going."

It may be said that Mr. Taylor's portrait does not differ

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markedly from this in its essentials; we can only suggest in that case that he has not sufficiently clarified those essentials. This fundamental deficiency, and a very evident bias against the Puritans (shopkeepers all, with their eyes on God and their hands in their neighbours' pockets!), apart, he is certainly readable. He is scarcely fair to Cromwell's achievements as a whole, but he draws his backgrounds well, and his omissions are few. It is only taking the longer view, and comparing his work with the best that has been written on the subject, that one is forced to suggest that he has, in attempting to erect a vantage-point for the whole wood, only added to the trees.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have reissued Beckford's "Travel Diaries," edited by Mr. Guy Chapman in two charming volumes, limited to one thousand copies at 42s. the pair. New historical works include "James II.," by Hilaire Belloc (Faber & Gwyer, 15s.); "A History of Rochester," by Frederick Francis Smith (Daniel, 15s.); and "A Book with Seven Dials," a chronicle of Family Life in Chelsea in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century (Cayme Press, 10s. 6d.).

Mr. Harry Preston's "Memories" are published by Messrs. Constable for 15s., and a new volume by Mr. Sidney Dark, "Five Deans" (John Colet, John Donne, Jonathan Swift, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, and William Ralph Inge), is published by Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.

Mr. William Gerhardt has written an introduction to a translation of an enormously long novel, "From Double Eagle to Red Flag," by General P. N. Krassnoff, which Mr. Gerhardt assures us is "as good as Zola; as good as Dumas—père and fils, and all the lot of them put together" (Allen & Unwin, 21s.).

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Hapton's Daughter. By NORMAN ANGLIN. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Anglin is a clever writer, but in this novel he does not seem to have found a subject which could absorb all his cleverness. It is disturbing to one's sense of proportion to find a great deal of very effective writing inadequately supported. Thorn is thirty-one, four years older than her husband. Therefore, when the specialist tells her she is run down and must rest, she is overcome by the impossibility of lying on a settee, looking seedy, like a grey eel with yellow eyes, if she is to retain Geoff's love. Out of this situation, Mr. Anglin has woven the most sinister scheme of words, warrantable only if Thorn is mad. Perhaps she is meant to be mad, although none of the others seems to suspect it; but then they are also all a little mad, or if not mad, under the spell of some evil influences. There is also a very sinister plot, not far from melodramatic, but it furnishes occasion for some tense acting. The characterization is good, touched off with some masterly phrases. Thus Thorn sees Maynard Dearle: "Toast, crisp, but awfully stale bread." Many things are well said: "What had she done to deserve all this? But that was a question which it was never the slightest use any person ever asking; that was the one question you mustn't ask yourself in this world. Once a person asked that question, it was all up with him; he would never be happy again."

Rich Man, Poor Man. By HULBERT FOOTNER. (Faber & Gwyer. 7s. 6d.)

This American novel is obviously an earnest attempt to represent life as it is, since the unscrupulous blackguard gains wealth, social position, ease of manner, and a magnificent spouse, while the fastidious soul, striving for purity and joy, must remain possessed of a competency, a tortured consciousness, and a nice little wife. But it would be absurd to question Mr. Footner's morality. In Molière the villain often comes out untouched, terrifying as this has been found to be, and everything in Molière is right. One external fact freshens the interest. The scene is New York, presumably in the decade before the war. Of the mass of American novels published in England, surprisingly few are about New York. The story traces the lives, from boyhood to early middle-age,

of two men, mutually antagonistic, different in class, in blood, in aspirations, alike only in their love of life. They are drawn with a detachment sufficient to allow them both to be equally enveloped in the reader's admiration and sympathy—no little achievement. The attitudes of the two towards each other are well worked out: on the one side, scorn, envy, and hatred; on the other, a smuttily good-humoured but profound contempt. Mr. Footner writes with much intensity, so that the atmospheres and feelings he describes are often painfully impressive; but there is in him a certain harshness which, although generally effective, tends to spoil our appreciation of his more subtly exciting passages. This novel was published in America under the title of "Antennæ."

A Life's Morning. By GEORGE GISSING. (Nash & Grayson. 7s. 6d.)

It is strange to read Gissing in a book undistinguishable, in price and form, from a modern novel. The circumstance throws into relief his value, his merits, and defects. It is unfortunate that the date when this novel was written is omitted, even in Mr. Morley Roberts's introduction. The latter is important, as it contains an account of the conditions under which Gissing was compelled to publish this work. It appears that when it was submitted for publication to James Payn, Gissing was forced to make his tragic ending happy, and thereby is supposed to have done violence to his idea and to much of his characterization. Actually, the violence is now not so apparent, and this would seem to be because a complication essentially tragic to Gissing and his contemporaries is no longer tragic to us. In this sense, "A Life's Morning," not one of the better works, "dates." It is true enough that the situation in "The Egoist" would now be impossible, but "The Egoist" is sustained by what Gissing, with all his idealism, all his striving for beauty, is incapable of. Apart from the enjoyment afforded by the careful, dramatic leisure with which this story of an "exile," a children's governess in love with the young man of the house, is told, the style is interesting to watch. It is more historically important than intrinsically beautiful. It stands between the best Victorian and the best modern prose, in vocabulary and phrasing related to both, but not nearly as exciting as either.

The Spy. By UPTON SINCLAIR. (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.)

In America, this novel appeared with the characteristic title of "100 per cent. The Story of a Patriot." But "The Spy" is a better title. It would be impertinent, when Mr. Sinclair's manner and aim are so well known, to find his book wanting in art. Although his characterization and his prose are generally elementary, the present story furnishes a good example of his merits. He gets things said and done. Not only does he forcefully and unequivocally declare his criticism of society, but he pushes his construction forward with speed and vigour, so that by the time fifty pages have been read, it is impossible not to admire how something so solid and convincing has grown out of so little. One day, at the beginning of the war, Peter Gudge, hungry and out of work, found himself in American City on the scene of a bomb outrage. He was accused of being in the conspiracy and through ill-treatment (the third degree) he was forced to confess to a fictitious part. He was released from prison, on condition that he would work as an *agent provocateur* against the Reds for the big business interests. Throughout and after the war, he remained in this capacity, and amassed a fortune. Peter is drawn in great detail and some subtlety; the others, Reds and anti-Reds, are personifications of revolt and cruelty. There are some terrible scenes, in which Mr. Sinclair infects us with his hatred and loathing of oppression. "The Spy" should uphold his reputation.

The End of the Matter. By NORMA LORIMER. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

Religion and love are the themes of this novel. In England, Patricia Paget cannot definitely accept Peter Armitage's proposal of marriage, because they differ in religious opinions. She is a staunch Anglo-Catholic, with great faith in the Church; but although he believes, he has no creed, and is inclined to scoff at the Church. Palestine, where they meet on a holiday, has the effect, which Miss Lorimer describes rather well, of making Patricia lose her faith in the Church and Peter become a Christian mystic. Thus, their positions are approximately reversed, and they both feel the impossibility of their marrying each other. In the meantime, Patricia and Francis Daubigny have fallen

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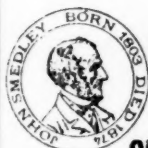
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in love; but Francis is married to a woman, unfaithful to him, whom his Roman Catholicism forbids him to divorce. Thereupon Patricia goes off with Louis Tricoupis, a cosmopolitan pagan, with whom she experiences some of the pagan joy of life. At length Francis is freed by the unexpected death of his wife, and sends a telegram to Patricia, who is about to commit an act of pagan folly in Athens with Louis. Her better self restrains her, and she decides not to keep her appointment with him. When Francis's telegram comes she thinks it a protest from Louis, and tears it up. That, apparently, is the end of the matter. The story worked out on this scheme is quite interesting. Miss Lorimer is not free from very many weaknesses, but she has avoided making Louis a cad and Patricia a prig.

Matheson Fever. By JOHN EASTON. (Allan. 7s. 6d.)

In this story the curious reader may observe how the novel of mystery and adventure is being affected by the new methods and mentality. The narrative is often indirect, the characterization is often subtle, psychological instead of dramatic. It is not to be inferred from this that Mr. Easton is another Conrad, or that his writing is not rough-and-ready, or that he stimulates more than a passing interest; but it is amusing to watch the working, in unexpected places, of the modern manner and spirit. His people are alive in their idiosyncrasies, and his Indian atmosphere is well done. His men, Anglo-Indian officials, are clearly seen, with their peculiar limitations. Their relationships to one another are shown with some skill. After "A Passage to India" it is impossible to regard the world of the Indian Civil Service with the old innocence, but Mr. Easton, quite unconsciously, puts no great strain on our credulity. His women are rather faint. The story is about Matheson, an incurable romantic, who causes trouble in the island of Mumba because, for some mysterious reason and against the religious opposition of the natives, he wants to buy a tract of deadly, snake-infested jungle land. Mr. Easton gives the impression of knowing his ground well.

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THE CHURCH ARMY

THE OWNER-DRIVER

IN the last eight years I have had only two punctures. Twice I have torn a valve out of its tube seating through emergency stops, and one cover and tube I have run to destruction.

Immunity from tyre trouble may be dependent to a large extent upon good fortune, but in my own case I am sure it is one of the rewards to which I am justly entitled! Not that I lie awake at nights worrying about tyres—I don't even make a practice, as in pre-war days, of looking over the treads and picking out partially embedded flints; but I do keep my tyres somewhere near the correct pressure.

A good deal of valuable information on this subject is being given to members of the motor trade by the education manager of the Dunlop Company, but I think it would be more appreciated by people whose interest it is to keep down tyre costs!

It will surprise the average owner-driver to learn that in one test made by Dunlops a set of low-pressure tyres under-inflated to the extent of 6 lbs. gave 25 per cent. less mileage than a set run at the correct pressure, whilst another set over-inflated by 10 lbs. yielded only half the normal mileage.

The man who runs his covers "on the hard side" is generally an old motorist, whereas the Under-Inflationist is usually an inexperienced owner-driver. There is some allowance to be made for the former, because until 1919 it was the custom to pump tyres to 70, 80, or 90 lbs.

It is not yet nine years since Mr. F. Lionel Rapson proved that these pressures were far too high. He cut them down by one-third at least, and found he got much better mileage, and, of course, infinitely more comfort and less body rattle. Then he strengthened the walls of his covers to stand the extra "flexing," and in an incredibly short space of time revolutionized all our ideas on the tyre question—after being told by the "experts" that he didn't know what he was talking about!

Whilst Mr. Rapson was engaged on his experimental work I drove about with him a good deal, watching the behaviour of hard tyres and noting the terrific bouncing which took place on rough surfaces. Excessive wear of treads and the breaking down of the walls was the inevitable result. The effect of such undue vibration on chassis and coachwork was no less serious.

Those road observations brought home to one's mind in a most conclusive fashion the effect that tyre pressures have on speed and petrol consumption.

These may seem elementary facts to-day, but when Mr. Rapson in 1919 claimed that with medium pressures his tyres lasted longer and his petrol consumption was decreased his assertions were received with much scepticism.

Most of my mileage since that time has been on Rapson tyres, but such freedom from trouble as I have enjoyed would have been impossible without the Rapson deflector tube, the "tread" of which is thickened with rubber, so that it provides extra protection against nails, broken glass, and flints picked up by the tread of the cover.

It is this class of tube that I have to thank for such a long spell of freedom from punctures, and I am firmly convinced that the extra thickness plays another important part, by maintaining the covers at their correct pressure without frequent use of the air pump.

COMPULSORY INSURANCE.

I sincerely hope the Government will facilitate the passage through Parliament of the Bill introduced a few days ago by Mr. Wardlaw Milne, Member for Kidderminster, who desires to compel every owner of a motor vehicle (be it a private passenger car or motor-cycle, a taxicab, a lorry, or a coach plying for hire) to insure against third-party risks. If it is correct, as Mr. Milne stated in the House, that only 15 per cent. of motor-car owners and only 33 per cent. of motor-cyclists have taken out such a policy, it is very disquieting. If a breadwinner is killed or maimed for life through the negligence of a motorist, there should be some financial compensation for his or her dependents, but it often happens that the person responsible for the accident is unable to meet the liability. It is inimical to the public interest that innocent victims should have no means of redress, and the remedy is compulsory insurance.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Bond-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any of their motoring inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. They should be addressed to Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

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Further details respecting this appointment and a form of application, to be returned by May 7th, 1928, can be obtained from the undersigned.

Town Hall, Leicester.
March 15th, 1928.

F. P. ARMITAGE, Director of Education.

PUBLIC NOTICES, LECTURES, ETC.

ELOCUTION.—MR. CHARLES SEYMOUR gives PRIVATE LESSONS to Parliamentary Candidates, Law Students and After-Dinner Speakers on HOW TO SPEAK EFFECTIVELY. Style, Fluency, Voice and Breathing. 401, Strand, W.C.2 (opp. Hotel Cecil).

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SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (Quakers), Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. SUNDAY, 6.30 p.m.: "Evangelism through Adult Education." Speaker: Horace Fleming.

MONCURE CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURE.—Mr. J. B. S. Haldane will deliver the Nineteenth Lecture on Wednesday, April 18th, at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, the title being "Science and Ethics." The Chair will be taken at 7 p.m. Admission Free. Reserved Tickets, 1s. each, from Messrs. Watts, 5, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

BUILDING SOCIETIES—RUBBER

IN an age when the l.s. deferred share panders to the craze for speculation and the small investor is apt to turn gambler on the Stock Exchange, it is all the more necessary to say a word for building societies. Not many commercial institutions can afford better security for small investors than a well-managed Building Society. The security behind a building society consists of "mortgages secured by first charges on carefully selected freeholds or long leaseholds with an adequate margin of security," apart from the surplus and reserve funds, which are usually invested in gilt-edged securities. One can invest in a building society in two ways—by taking up shares or by making deposits. The amount that a Society may receive as deposits or loans is limited under the Act to two-thirds of the outstanding mortgage assets, but some Societies restrict this amount to one-third. Depositors do not ordinarily receive so high a rate of interest as shareholders because they are in the position of secured first creditors, but it is not uncommon for a Society to pay up to 4 per cent. interest to depositors, which is largely in excess of the rate normally paid on deposits by the joint stock banks.

As regards shares, the investor can take up either fully paid shares or partly paid and subscribing shares or accumulating shares. The accumulating share is scrip to which the interest is automatically added instead of being paid over to the holder. Most societies can assure the investor in shares of a return of 5 per cent. free of tax on his money. Of course, if interest rates fall over the next few years or there is a slump in house property, which means that the rates charged on the mortgages would come down, shareholders must expect less. There is usually a difference of 1 per cent. between the rate charged to the borrower and the rate paid to the investor which enables the Society to meet its management expenses and build up adequate reserves.

It is unfortunate that whenever any publication on building societies appears the title-page must contain a quotation of one of Gladstone's most sanctimonious remarks on thrift. The growth of building societies since the war had very little to do with thrift. The war-time restriction of rents made the practice of putting capital into house property with a view to securing rents from tenants unattractive. The would-be occupier of a house was left to find his own capital, and the building societies were at hand to supply his need. If there had been no building societies, other institutions would no doubt have grown up to finance the occupier. In these circumstances the shortage of houses made the expansion of building societies inevitable. There is no reason why this expansion should slow down. Even now it is said that building has only caught up with the 1914 accumulation of arrears. By the end of 1926—the returns of the Registrar of Friendly Societies are published every June so that only the 1926 figures are available—the total membership of building societies in England, Wales, and Scotland had grown to 1,257,400 (exclusive of depositors), against 1,129,455 in 1925; 1,000,988 in 1924; 747,589 in 1920, and 612,753 in 1917. The growth of assets and reserves over this period is shown in the following table:—

| Year. | Assets (In Millions of £.) | | | To Share- Holders. | Liabilities to Depositors & Other Creditors. | Balance of Profit & Reserve. |
|-------|-------------------------------|--|------------------|-----------------------|---|---------------------------------------|
| | Total Mortgage Assets. | Properties in Absolute Possession. | Other Assets. | | | |
| 1926 | £171.22 | £20.61 | £22.02 | £147.74 | £35.71 | £10.40 |
| 1925 | 145.86 | 0.69 | 22.65 | 127.83 | 32.36 | 9.01 |
| 1924 | 119.74 | 0.74 | 24.40 | 108.98 | 28.11 | 7.80 |
| 1923 | 98.84 | 0.77 | 25.09 | 93.48 | 24.39 | 6.84 |
| 1920 | 68.81 | 1.00 | 17.25 | 63.86 | 18.32 | 4.87 |
| 1917 | 54.47 | 1.23 | 8.65 | 46.50 | 13.62 | 4.15 |

It will be seen that assets have been increasing in the last two years by about £25,000,000 a year. Since 1917 mortgage assets have grown from £54,477,004 to £171,220,815, while properties in absolute possession have dropped from £1,230,914 to £609,907, which points to the good class of mortgages accepted.

The amounts advanced by building societies on mortgage during 1926 came to £51,150,581, against £4,484,794 in 1917. Thus building societies are now administering something like 10 per cent. of the total savings of the country, which are estimated at £500,000,000 annually. In company with the Post Office Savings Bank, Trustee Savings Bank, Co-operative Societies, Friendly and Benevolent Societies, and Industrial and Provident Societies, the Building Societies are catering for the vast bulk of popular or "working-class" savings. The vital question is how to expand these savings? It was pointed out in the Liberal Industrial Report that the reduction in the savings of the rich, brought about by the steeply graduated system of taxation of income tax, super-tax, and death duties, had not led to a corresponding increase in the savings of the wage-earners. According to the Colwyn Committee on National Debt and Taxation the amount available for investment has actually decreased by something between £150 and £200 million. It was one of the important conclusions reached in the "Yellow Book" that if we are to find the fresh capital needed for the development of our home resources a very great expansion of popular savings and investment is necessary. New outlets for the investment for small savings must be developed. Hence the recommendation that the proposed Board of National Investment should be authorized to make advances *inter alia* to Building Societies, Co-operative Societies, Garden City Companies, Agricultural Credit Corporations, and Land Banks.

Some of the reports of Building Societies for the past year disclose remarkable progress. The Abbey Road, which now ranks as the second largest in Great Britain in point of membership and fourth in magnitude of assets, shows a rise in share capital and deposits of over 50 per cent., and in advances of over 64 per cent. The total mortgage balances of this Society amount to £7,578,467, and it is interesting to learn that there is no property in possession or any in respect of which the Society has appointed a receiver. The world's biggest Building Society is the Halifax Permanent, and the great event of 1927 was the amalgamation of the Halifax Permanent and the Halifax Equitable. The combined Halifax Building Society at January 31st had an investors' and depositors' fund of no less than £45,520,281, which is more than 1½ times the new capital of Courtaulds. The amount due to the Society on 97,567 mortgage securities was £38,763,191, the investments in Trustee securities amounted to £5,381,737, and cash in the banks came to £2,314,872, making the total assets £46,981,482. These colossal figures bring home the possibilities of the building society movement.

It is depressing to think that the small investor on the Stock Exchange is almost sure to be a holder of rubber shares. Mr. Baldwin announced in the House of Commons at the end of last week that, having received the report of the Committee of Civil Research on the working of the Stevenson scheme, the Government had decided to remove all restrictions on the export of rubber on November 1st this year. The price of rubber has subsequently fallen in rapid stages to 8½d. per lb.—a drop of about 50 per cent.—while the rubber share market has become demoralized. It is impossible to sell inactive shares except at "distress" prices, and even the market leaders have had heavy falls. Rubber Trusts, for example, are 31s. 3d. against 40s. 3d. on the day before the committee of inquiry was appointed. We have said that restriction had to be abolished before a centralized selling plan could be discussed with the Dutch producers. If some selling agreement with the Dutch is arrived at, the rubber share market will quickly revive. Meanwhile it must face the fact that with rubber at 8½d. and output restricted to 60 per cent. until November 1st, many British rubber companies will make serious losses.

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